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HOW TO CARRY A GUN

Some Points That Should Be Observed by All Hunters.

During the open hunting season one reads an item similar to this in the newspapers very frequently, says the Indianapolis Star:

"John Smith was fatally wounded today while hunting. In attempting to climb a fence the gun was discharged and the load of shot entered his right side. He expired before he could be removed to his home."

Or perhaps it is this you read: "Mistaking a movement in the shrubbery"—and you know the rest; one hunter shot the head or body by another.

The list of hunting fatalties and accidents increases each year. This may be due partly to the growing popularity of outdoor sports, which takes a larger number of fields and woods each year, partly to the increased range of the modern shotgun and rifle, but it is due in a larger degree to the number of inexperienced hunters who engage in the sport.

In former years, when big game was found in this state, hunting was indulged in by few others than those who had served an apprenticeship in hunting small game. A boy was taught the use of the rifle before being trusted with a shotgun and was made to learn to use the shotgun before being trusted with a long-range rifle. The boy confined himself to shooting rabbits and squirrels, and learned the use of the gun. Today any venture into the woods and fields after game who have never before had a gun in their hands. The result is disastrous, especially to the experienced hunters, for it is more often the other fellow that the reckless fellow shoots than it is himself. Usually it is the excuse, "I didn't know it was loaded," or "I didn't see him."

Sometimes hunters shoot at anything and everything for the sport when they fail to find game. Marks on trees or buildings are made the targets with the result that somebody or some domestic animal in the vicinity of the target is killed or injured.

In England no man is considered a qualified sportsman until he has done "20,000 shots;" in America a man will venture to give his opinion on shooting who has never indulged in anything but target practice with a .22 rifle. The experienced sportsman grows more careful the longer he lives; the cub will meet his gun with naive carelessness and laugh at the "old fogies" who insist on strict precautions. Guns are handled in the most careless manner and their frequent discharge with fatal results is but the result of an entire lack of proper precaution.

"Day after day throughout the hunting season accidents happen that are nothing short of criminal. Not more than one out of ten deaths that happen annually in Indiana is a true accident. Experienced hunters now hesitate about going into the woods and fields with men who are inexperienced or whom they do not know personally.

"An English gamekeeper recently gave some good advice and incidently related some of the accidents which, in the course of his life, had happened to him. He said:

"In the sporting world the sportsman or sportswoman who has a tendency to cause "accidents" is marked forever. Once get the name for awkward or careless handling of a gun and it will cling to you as fast as to the oak. Allow yourself to cause a shooting accident and you will have to undergo the direst penance to expiate your crime. You will be branded for life. If you wish to continue the sport of shooting the best thing is to betake yourself to pastures new, far from the scene of your misfortune—and particularly the other fellow's—where your fated fame has not yet been noised abroad.

"To the man who shoots another accidentally I say, 'Shoot not at all.' His gun should be taken from him, sold, and the proceeds given to a hospital or to the relatives of his victim, if a poor man. Should he be rich, the suicide's lot is harder, for he is denied the salve of money.

"Some men are beyond hope, as far as caution goes. They will not learn and cannot be taught. Give a hint to one of this sort and all you get in return is a surly 'teach-my-grandmother' sort of answer. He is a difficult customer to deal with. The best way to treat him is never again to ask him to hunt with you.

"The gamekeeper in England witnesses the majority of shooting accidents. And often he is the involuntary recipient of a charge of shot himself. When shot, it is not given him to utter comment. He is forbidden to use the briefest expletive. It does not come naturally, however, to be properly peppered, to say, 'thank you, sir.'

"I have been shot a number of times, have had the nearest shaves to losing my life, to say nothing of my eye. And to the gamekeeper his eye is most precious possession. Once a partridge driving I was shot on the tip of my nose. To this day I am a marked man. The whole affair was the result, as usual, of gross carelessness on the part of the shooter. A low bird turned toward the guns, in the middle of whom I stood, and some one fired—actually. I received later a check for half a pound, which I burned."

"I all but had my legs honeycombed with shot by a gunner blazing away at a hare crossing a narrow ridge up which I was following the sportsman. The whole charge missed my legs by inches, one shot grazing my hand. The shooter's first words were: 'Did I get the hare?'

"The nearest thing to losing my eye happened to me while covert shooting. Some one fired at a rabbit as it entered the underbrush, on the off side of the ridge down which I was walking. The gunner been on the same side of the ridge I was the shot would have been quite safe, but instead it was leveled at a line parallel with me, some of the pellets, striking the left limbs, grazed. One hit the socket immediately below my left eye.

"My latest accident was due to the carelessness of a man climbing a tree. I was discussing the next drive with the party, when suddenly—bang! The rushing powder gases blew me up. The backs of my legs were stung with particles of lead and powder. At my heels there was a hole the size of a dinner plate. It turned out that one gunner had climbed a fence back of me with his gun loaded, and then calmly proceeded to tickle the triggers of his gun with his right hand while holding it under his left arm."

While modern shotguns, compared with the muzzle-loaders of old, minimize the risk of an accident to yourself, there is still ample opportunity for serious accidents. Hammerless guns are safer in safe hands than hammer guns.

"One of the most dangerous ways of carrying a gun," said an old sportsmen, "is over the arm, with the muzzle covering the legs of a person in front."

In view of the many hunting accidents that occur each year, Z. T. Sweeney, state fish and game commissioner of Indiana, and his chief deputy, E. E. Earle, as well as the sixty game wardens employed by the office, make it a point to impress upon sportsmen the importance of handling guns with care. Special stress is laid on methods of loading, unloading and cleaning guns, as well as the proper manner in which guns should be carried.

In his last report Commissioner Sweeney devotes considerable space to instructions in carrying and loading guns. Mr. Sweeney says:

"The safest method of carrying a loaded gun in the field is to place it, top rib down, on either shoulder. Other safe positions upon suitable occasions are: Under right arm, the muzzle down; across the breast, muzzle high and well to the front; the muzzle raised, the left side of the stock against the right hip; at the 'trail'—that is, grasped in the right hand, the arm at full length and the gun horizontal.

"When standing for driven birds, expecting a shot at game in sight, take a position as recommended for trapshooting; when waiting, hold the gun in one of the above mentioned positions, or vary them.

"The gun should be carried at full cock, and if hammerless, with the safety off. Under ordinary conditions, it is better to unload a breech-loader when getting over a fence, crawling through a gap, or jumping a ditch. Even with hammer guns (most top levers will open at full cock, and all should) it is easy to take out the cartridges. Changing the hammers from full to half-cock is a very dangerous practice, and manipulating the safety-bolt of the hammerless lessens the risk, but does not absolutely remove it.

"The writer has seen a man fall in getting over a five-barred gate; luckily he had previously unloaded his gun. One may come to grief getting over a sheep hurdle or an iron fence; the simpler the object the more careless one is apt to be.

"Before putting a gun out of hand, as through a fence, gate, or over a wall, or handing it to another person—unload.

"Wire fencing is a great nuisance to shooters; both hands are often required to negotiate it properly. Unload the gun before attempting to cross it.

"Loaded guns in boats and vehicles are an element of danger.

"To load a gun there are several safe positions which are also convenient. In closing the gun the barrels often swerve to the left; this is especially the case when tight-fitting cartridges are used or the gun is cocked by the action of closing the gun, and care must therefore be taken that the gun is not brought directly across the body. Let the left hand grasp the gun at a long distance from the breech; it gives one greater power, and facilitates both the opening and the closing of the gun. If an ejector is not used, two cartridges may be taken up and held between the first and second and second and third fingers of the right hand, whilst the fired cases are withdrawn by the thumb and forefinger of the same hand.

"The proper position to load a breech-loader is with the muzzles pointing to the earth, for it is not infrequent that in dry weather and when using black gunpowder, flakes of the fouling will fall down into the breech action, when the barrels are higher than the breech, upon the gun being opened. The fouling, by lying in the angle of the action, prevents the gun from closing perfectly. This is often very annoying to the shooter, who, seeing that the bolts or the lever do not snap home, imagines the gun is broken; or if he be careless, and fire the gun in such a state, it may allow the breech action to be blown open, being but imperfectly bolted, and thereby result in a serious accident to the user and his companions.

"To load a muzzle-loading gun, place the butt on the ground, or on your foot, and incline the muzzle well outward. When you have to load one barrel only, let the loaded barrel be the farthest away; do not grasp the ramrod with the hand, but with the thumb and forefinger only; both locks should be at half cock when loading. Muzzle-loading caps should fit the nipples accurately, so as not to burst in putting on; they may then be taken off easily, but are not likely to drop off. If waterproofed and capsuled, no fulminate is likely to adhere to the head of the nipple and cause an accidental discharge.

"In no case should the finger touch the trigger until the gun is in the act of being raised to the shoulder. Hammers should never be left resting on a cap or striker when the gun is loaded; let the hammers be carried at full cock. Look through the barrels before loading the first time after creep-through a fence, and after putting the gun out of hand for any purpose. If one barrel is fired repeatedly without discharging the other, it is advisable to take out the unfired cartridge occasionally to ascertain whether the top wad has moved from position or place the same in the barrel which is fired first. With thin brass cases the starting of the charge is more likely to occur than with paper cases having a proper turnover."

OBSERVE THESE RULES WHILE HUNTING

Never point a gun, whether loaded or not, at any one.

When you carry your weapon on your shoulder or under your arm keep the muzzle either right up or right down.

After leveling your gun, be sure the trigger is at safety before moving on again.

When at rest, if only for a few moments, unload your gun.

Never shoot at anything you do not see clearly.

Never shoot at all unless sure of the location of the other sportsmen.

In climbing a fence always advance your gun first, muzzle up and in front, holding it high up.

These rules are based upon nothing but common sense. A good general rule is always to act upon the supposition that your gun is liable to go off at any time. It should always be in such a position that if it does no harm will follow.

THE UNNAMED SAINTS

What was his name? I do not know his name.
I only know he heard God's voice and came;
Brought all he loved across the sea,
To live and work for God and me;
Felled the ungracious oak,
With horrid toil
Dragged from the soil
The thrice-gnarled roots and stubborn rock;
With plenty filled the haggard mountainside,
And, when his work was done, without memorial died;
No blaring trumpet sounded out his fame;
He lived, he died. I do not know his name.

No form of bronze and no memorial stones
Show me the place where lie his moldering bones.
Only a cheerful city stands,
Builded by his hardened hands—
Only ten thouaond hsmes,
Where, every day,
The cheerful play
Of love and hope and courage comes.
These are his monuments, and these alone—
There is no form of bronze and no memorial stone.

And I?
Is there some desert or some boundless sea
Where thou, great God of angels, will send me?
Some oak for me to rend, some sod
For me to break,
Some handful of Thy corn to take,
And scatter far afield,
Till it in turn shall yield
Its hundredfold
Of grains of gold,
To feed the happy children of my God?
Show me the desert, Father, or the sea.
Is it Thine enterprise? Great God, send me!
And though this body lie where ocean rolls,
Father, count me among all faithful souls.

—Edward Everett Hale.

ACCIDENTAL SUCCESS.

John G. Shedd, who has succeeded Marshall Field as directing force of the great Field business, has given out an interview on success. He says:

"Often I am impressed with the thought that there are quite as many accidental successes in business as there are accidental failures in business. Find the man today at the head of a great business who tells you that he read his opportunity in advance and started in, saying to himself that he meant to build up a business to the proportions of the one which has crowned his success. He is not telling the truth.

"There have been such vast changes in the last twenty-five years that no one man's brain has been large enough and endowed with enough of intuitive prophecy to anticipate them. The judgment of a man today, however sound for the day, may be of no good tomorrow. That man who has been sane enough to meet the needs of a day as they should be met has been quite worthy of the title of success.

"Business success has meant only business evolution. It is too much to concede that a man has been able to look into the future of business and read its opportunities in advance. If he has the judgment to read the necessities of a day and the courage to meet them he has done enough.

"How much the quality of courage is needed in business is overlooked by most men of inexperience. I should say that one of the great causes of failure among men is the possession of a little working capital without the courage to invest it in something which he feels in his best judgment is promising.

"I recall that Mr. Field once asked me what was the one greatest quality in a successful man of business and I remember that he wasn't wholly impressed with my reply, 'A well directed nerve.'

"But I believe my answer was right. There is no stretch along the road to a business success which doesn't call for courage enough in a man to back his judgment. He may have all the judgment necessary in any question's solution, but if he hasn't the nerve to back his judgment with his money he never will be a business man.

"It has been brought home to me many times how effectively and satisfactorily a man may handle the money of an employer for years, exerting his own initiative and judgment, and yet when he goes into business for himself lose all the initiative which made him a success as an employe and prove himself a failure."

WHY MEN ARE BALD.

Dr. E. Vipont Brown lectured to a large audience of working men and women in the Hulme Town Hall on the subject of "Clothes." A large part of the lecture was on the text that one should always wear flannel next to the skin, with the scientific reason for it, but Dr. Vipont Brown has something to say on other details of costume. It is your own fault, he told the men, that you are bald. You wear hats of a hard, hot substance, so pressed upon the head that the roots of the hair are impoverished for want of a proper circulation of the blood. He himself would have joined the "no hat brigade" but for the look of the thing and the need for a convenient place to carry his stethoscope in. As for the women, he told them that unless the waist measured twenty-five inches it was a case of deformity. Bootmakers were invariably determined to fit the foot to the boot, and the best way to circumvent these incorrigible men was to wear sandals and to bring up children to wear sandals too.—Dundee Advertiser.

BEARDED VULTURES.

In the Zoological Society's eastern aviary there is now living a splendid example of the lammergeyer, or bearded vulture. This species (Gypaetus barbatus) resembles the eagles in having the head covered with feathers. It is a distinctly handsome bird, and, being without the bald head of the typical vultures, lacks their repulsive look. In its habits and modes of life it resembles the true vultures, except, perhaps, that it is rather more dainty in its tastes. Stories have been told of children carried off by the lammergeyer, but they are highly improbable. In some countries it is called by a name meaning "bone breaker," from its habit of carrying bones up in the air and dropping them from a great height in order to get at the marrow. It inhabits the mountainous regions of southern Europe, and its range extends through Asia Minor and the Himalayas to China.—Pall Mall Gazette.

BLIND MUSICIANS.

A concert as pathetic as it was interesting took place lately at Hamburg. The concert givers were a sister and two brothers, all blind; a fourth brother, who is studying composition at the Berlin academy of music, and whose works have already been very favorably commented on, being similarly afflicted. The sister possesses a fine and well-trained soprano voice of considerable compass, while one brother, who on this occasion acted as her accompanist, holds an appointment as Muhlheim-an-der-Ruhr as organist. The third brother is a 'cellist of considerable talent. The family are natives of Muhlheim.—Pall Mall Gazette.

THE TINMAN

By TOM GALLON

CHAPTER I.

What I Found in the Wood.

In all that I shall set down here, in telling the strange story of my poor life, I shall write nothing but the truth. It has been written in many odd times and in many odd places: in a prison cell, on paper stamped with the prison mark; on odd scraps of paper in a lonely garret under the stars, with a candle-end for light—and I, poor and old and shivering—scrawling hastily because the time was so short. I have been at once the meanest and the greatest of all men; the meanest—because all men shuddered at the mere mention of my name, and at the thought of what I had done; the greatest—because one woman loved me, and taught me that beyond that nothing else mattered. I have lived in God's sunlight, and in the sunlight of her eyes; I have gone down into the Valley of the Shadow of Death and have not been afraid; I have been caged like a wild beast, until I forgot the world, just as the world forgot me. In a mere matter of the counting of years I am but little past forty years of age; yet I am an old man, and I have lived two lives—just as, when my times comes, I shall have died two deaths. I have touched the warm lips of Love; I have clasped the gaunt hands of Misery. I have warmed both hands at the fire of Life; but now the fire has gone out, and only the cold gray ashes remain. But of all that you may read, just as I have written it, and as the memory of it has come back to me. Roll up the curtain—and see me as I was—and judge me lightly.

* * * * *

It is not necessary that you should hear what manner of boy I was, nor how I impressed those with whom I came in contact. I have no recollection of my parents; they died, perhaps mercifully for them, when I was quite young. I went to school in the ordinary way; I would not have you think that I was anything but an ordinary boy. A little dreamy, perhaps, and introspective; with those hopes and high ideals that come to youth generally a little stronger in my case than in that of most boys. I had a very decent fortune, left in the hands of a highly respectable guardian; for the rest, apart from the mere matter of education, I discovered pretty early that I was to be left to my own devices, it being considered sufficient that I should grow up as a gentleman, and should please myself. I think now that if I had had some guiding will stronger than my own, I might never have done what I did, and I might now be a highly respectable citizen, respected by those who knew me, and with a life of easy contentment spreading itself fairly about my feet. Instead of which——

I had made up my mind to be an artist; to that direction all my thoughts and dreams and ideas tended. I would paint great pictures; I would wander through the cities of the world, and see the pictures other men had painted; I would live a life that had in it nothing of commercialism and nothing of the sordid. I did not know then how circumstances mould a man and change it; how rough-fingered Fate can step in and tear asunder in a moment the fair threads we have woven, and twist and tangle them, and ruin the fabric. Like many another poor fool before me, I told myself that I could do what I liked with my life, and shape it in what fashion I would.

Up to this time—that is, the time when I began to think for myself, and to take my life into my own hands—I had not met my guardian. I had had one or two curt and business-like notes from him during my schooldays; and when I went to London I found that he had taken a lodging for me, and had made various arrangements for my future. He was a little contemptuous as to the profession I had adopted; but shrugged his shoulders and suggested that it was no real concern of his. I met him first, on my coming to London, at his office in the city—an office in a narrow, dingy court, where he was in position of some authority as manager to a big firm. I know nothing of business, and knew nothing then; I only know that he received me in a private room, and that I had a dim understanding that in another room, still more private, was one greater than himself, to whom he looked for instructions, just as all those below him looked to him. Jervis Fanshawe, with half a dozen little white stons let into the edge of the big desk at which he sat, to enable him to communicate with his subordinates, was evidently a power to be reckoned with.

I think, in that moment when I first saw the man, that I knew instinctively I did not like him. He was leaning forward across the great desk, with his arms stretched out upon it, and with a paper-knife balanced between his hands lengthwise; he seemed to be summing me up, and making up his mind about me. He was a man of about thirty-five, inclined to baldness, and with a long, clean-shaven face; he gave one the impression that if he had allowed his beard to grow, it would have been singularly black. His nose was long and thin, with rather wide nostrils; and there was a deep cut in the very center of his chin. Altogether it was a strong face, and a sinister.

I was beginning to feel uncomfortable when at last he dropped the paper-knife, and stood up to shake hands with me.

"So you are Charles Avaline?" he said. "I'm glad to see you. How old are you? I forget times and dates."

"I shall be twenty in a month," I replied, "but I feel much older."

"Most people do at your age," he retorted. "Well—there are certain arrangements to be made about your future—your income and so on"—he was looking down at the desk and shifting some papers about uneasily there—"and perhaps it would be better if you came round to my rooms tonight to see me. I've got an old-fashioned place in Bloomsbury; perhaps you'll dine with me there. I'll write the address down for you; seven sharp, please."

I felt myself dismissed, and went away, to make acquaintance with that London that I felt was to be my home for some considerable time to come. Boy that I was, I wandered its streets happily enough for the greater part of the day, feeling that this was my kingdom, and that I had come into full possession of it already. Here I was to work, and live, and dream, and be happy. I have thought since of that day—dreamed those dreams again—and laughed to think that it was really to be the one day in all my life that I was to see London with those eyes at all.

It was a fine night, and I walked to Bloomsbury; having some difficulty in finding it, because my pride forbade that I should appear a country bumpkin, unacquainted with London, and under the necessity of asking my way. Coming to the house hurriedly and a little late, I saw a man who had been going along before me mounting the steps of the house, and tugging at the bell. Having rung, he turned about with his hands on his hips, and with a cane in one hand resting against his hip, and surveyed me, as I waited a couple of steps below him, awkwardly enough, for the door to open. He had the advantage of being bigger and older than I was, to say nothing of the two steps upon which he was mounted.

He was a big, young man, some ten years older than myself; very well dressed, and with a swaggering air upon him that made me even then feel my blood tingle a little. He stared down at me, and pulled a little dark moustache he wore; and then looked over my head. I was glad when the door was at last opened, and when he had faced about, and marched in.

There was another uncomfortable pause, in a room that was apparently my guardian's sitting room, until my guardian put in an appearance; a pause during which the big young man and myself wandered about uncomfortably, and looked at the few pictures, or stared out of the window. Then Jervis Fanshawe came in and introduced us.

"This is a—a friend of mine—Mr. Gavin Hockley," he said, glancing at the other man a little resentfully, as I thought. "My ward—Mr. Avaline." The young man glanced at me for a moment and nodded and turned away. "We can go in to dinner; we're a small party—but none the worse for that, I hope."

It was not a cheerful dinner, by any means. We sat around a circular table, and were waited upon by a silent, elderly woman, who was evidently very much afraid of Mr. Fanshawe. The dinner was plain and substantial, and I was young and hungry; the wines, I believe, were good, although I was no judge of that particular department. I only know that the man Hockley drank a great deal, and told some stories that I did not understand, and some that I understood only too well. He absolutely ignored me, even when I made a remark (which was but seldom), and he talked to my guardian with an easy, insolent familiarity that I did not then understand. Strangely, too, my guardian seemed to defer to him all matters and to be afraid of contradicting even the most outrageous statement.

"I'm thinking," said Hockley, towards the close of the dinner, and pausing for a moment, with his glass held near to his lips—"I'm thinking of going down to Hammerstone Market again."

I saw that Jervis Fanshawe looked up at him quickly; when he replied, he spoke more sharply than he had yet done. "What for?" he asked.

"I'm thinking of going down—for the fishing," replied Hockley; and as I looked at him I saw that his face was creased in a grin, and that he was watching Fanshawe. "That is, of course," he added, with a guffaw, "my sort of fishing."

"You won't be welcome," said my guardian sourly; and the other man responded with an oath that he could find his welcome anywhere.

After we had left the table, I saw Jervis Fanshawe take the other man aside, and begin talking to him in a low voice, as though impressing something upon him. But Hockley shook him off, and answered whatever had been said aloud.

"I tell you I'm going—and the best thing you can do is to go with me. If it comes to that, you know what I am when I get a bit excited; I might need your restraining hand. You'd better make up your mind when you'll go, and I'll make my arrangements accordingly."

My guardian said nothing, and the other man threw himself into a large armchair, and began to smoke. It was quite late, and I had already begun to think about going, when he got up and went off without so much as a word of farewell to either of us. Only at the door, with his hat on the back of his head, he came back to demand an answer to the question he had put at least an hour before.

"What date will suit you—next week?" he asked.

Jervis Fanshawe did not look at him; he was nervously twisting his hands together behind his back. "I shall go down on Tuesday to Hammerstone Market," he said "and I shall stay at the house."

"Good. I shall stay at the George," Hockley lurched out of the doorway, and we heard him slam the outer door of the house as he went away.

And instantly there came over my guardian. In all my life I never remember to have seen a man so suddenly become a wild beast in a moment as Jervis Fanshawe did then. He ran to the door, and pulled it open, and sputtered out blasphemies into the darkness of the staircase; slammed the door, and came back into the room again, and raged up and down there, saying horrible things about Hockley until my blood seemed to run cold. And all the time taking not the faintest notice of me at all.

Presently he sat down at the table, pulling at his lips with his long fingers, and still muttering and breathing hard; it was like the gradual dying away of a storm. After a time I ventured to speak to him, and to wish him good-night; I believe I muttered some thanks for my entertainment. As he took no notice of me, I went to the door, and found my way to the place where my hat was; I was going out when I heard his voice calling to me sharply. I went back, and found him waiting there, with a face that was comparatively calm.

"I don't know much about you artist fellows," he said, without looking at me—"but I believe you sketch—paint out of doors—don't you?" As I murmured that we did sometimes do that kind of thing, he went on hurriedly: "I know a place where you would probably find some good bits to sketch; you'd better go down with me. It's the place that fellow spoke of just now—Hammerstone Market. I've got to go down there—on business; old Patton lives there."

"Patton?" I asked vaguely; for I seemed to have seen the name somewhere.

"Yes, yes," he replied impatiently. "Patton & Co.; the people for whom I am manager. You were in their place today. He has a country house—down there—and I go down when I like. We'll go on Tuesday; pack your things; I want you to make a bit of a splash down there—play the gentleman. Do you understand?"

"Not quite," I said.

"I want to take the wind out of this fellow's sails—this beast Hockley," he said. "I'd grind him to powder, if I had the chance—crush him to nothing. You and I will play our own game, Charlie"—(it was the first time he had called me by that name, and I was a little surprised)—"and make him put his tail between his legs. There won't talk any more about it; good-night!"

I walked home to the rooms Mr. Jervis Fanshawe had taken for me with my head in a whirl. I know that I fell asleep that night, with a vague idea that in some extraordinary fashion my guardian was in the power of Gavin Hockley, and was obliged, in a sense, to do what that young man suggested. Perhaps the mere act of thinking about that drove me into the dream I presently had; for I remember that I thought presently I was standing in a room, and that Hockley was before me, with that grin upon his face; in that dream I felt that some one put a weapon into my hand. Dreams are but intangible things, and this was a confused one, with only the face of Hockley grinning at me from out of it, and the knowledge in my own mind that I held a weapon of some sort gripped in my right hand. And then the face was gone, and I seemed to wake up, to see him at my feet, with blood upon him. I woke, trembling and shuddering, and glad to see the calm moon staring in at me from the little street outside. It took me a little time to shake off the horror of the thing. But I was young, and youth needs sleep; so that I presently slept until morning.

Strangely enough, that dream haunted me—sprang up before me even in the sunlight of the streets, and would not be shaken off. Seeing that I had no earthly concern with Hockley, it was at least curious that I should so persistently think of him; now as I had seen him swaggering on the steps of the house, and staring insolently over my head; now as I remembered him lounging at the table, and apparently overawing my guardian; and now again, as in my dream, with his grinning face watching me—and then lying at my feet, with blood upon him. I was too young for such horrors, and yet I could not clear my brain of them.

That Tuesday arrived on which I was to travel down to Hammerstone Market with Mr. Jervis Fanshawe. I had had a not from him the night before, appointing the time of the train, and requesting me to meet him at the railway station; and I was eager enough for the expedition. Although I did not like Fanshawe, and felt that I never could, there was yet in my heart a natural feeling of regard for him, as being the one person intimately connected with me, and above all, the man who had looked after my interests during the years that I had been growing up. I set it down deliberately here that I wanted to please him, and that, above all things, I was anxious to win his approval. In a sense I was glad to think that he wanted my company, although I wondered a little what was going to happen at this place to which we were going.

In the train he set the matter fairly and clearly before me. "I am going to this place, Charlie, on a matter of business," he said in a low tone, and without looking at me. "Old Patton, as we call him in the business, likes to make a friend of me as much as possible; I have been down here frequently. It gives me a certain position with him—smoothes business generally. I can't say exactly how long I shall stop at this house; he does not come up to the office as frequently as he used to do, and there are certain matters he wants to discuss with me."

"It is very kind of you to take me with you," I said; but with a grim smile he broke in on my enthusiasm.

"Oh, I'm not going to take you to the house," he said, "I shall have to leave you at the George. I intend, if possible, to get an invitation for you to dinner one night—or perhaps to a luncheon; but at the moment I merely want Patton to know that you are there, and who you are. He will probably like to know that I am your guardian, and"—he hesitated for a moment as though casting about in his mind for the right word—"and responsible for you."

I have since come to think that whatever scheme was in the mind of the man then, and whatever he meant to do, his real object in taking me there, to begin with, was no deeper than that. I think he felt that it would look well that he should have the responsibility of me upon his shoulders—that it would give him an air of stability, and would cause people to think well of him—much as though he held before himself the record of a good deed as a species of shield, and cried—"This have I done—and that; judge me in the light of it."

So it came about that I was left at the George in the little town of Hammerstone Market, while Jervis Fanshawe went on to the house of Mr. Patton, which lay a little outside the town. The country round about seemed to be very pretty, and I was free to do as I liked until such time as my guardian should call upon me to go back to London, or to visit him at the house of his patron. I liked the look of the little old-fashioned hotel, and I liked the prospect of this new freedom, as I unpacked my bag that first night, in my room that overlooked the sleepy little High street of the town.

Yet that prospect was blurred and made hideous in the morning by the sudden incursion into it all of that heavy young man named Gavin Hockley. I had had my breakfast (and a hearty one at that) in the old low-roofed coffee-room, and was just making up my mind to sally forth and do a long day's work, when the door was thrust open lumberingly and brutally, and Hockley strode in. Whether or not he knew from my guardian I was there it is impossible to say; he looked over me, or through me, as on the occasion of our first meeting, and lumbered out again, slamming the door behind him. Remembering all that I had thought about him, and remembering my dream, I was too much upset by his sudden entry into the room even to be able to speak to him; he was gone before I had made up my mind what to do.

When I came out into the little hall of the place I saw him lounging with one elbow on the low counter at one side, talking to the girl who stood among the bottles and glasses behind it, and one heavy hand was on his hip, and in that hand was his stick, just as it had been when he stood on the steps and looked down at me. The little place seemed full of him—poisoned by him; I was glad to get out into the sweet air of the little town, and further than that into the woods and fields.

I like to think of that morning now: I have seen myself, in imagination, going so often down a long, dusty road, with my easel and color box slung across my shoulders; I believe I sang softly to myself as I went. For the spring was in my heart and in my blood, and life was very, very beautiful. I see myself leaving the road behind me, and turning into a little wood near at hand, and sitting down to sketch the glories that stretched before me. But I was like a butterfly that morning, in that all was so beautiful that nothing wholly pleased me. I went deeper on into the wood and started again to paint, and lost myself in my work and in a waking dream, until I was aroused by the sound of a young girl singing.

(I lay down my pen here for a moment or two, because my eyes are dim and I cannot go on. The sunlight and the trees and all the mystery, and the beauty of the woods are with me again, and the dear voice of the woman I was to love through all my life floats to me again, and stirs something within my sad heart that was stirred that morning, never to be still again. I close my eyes for a moment, and cover them with my hands; and I am back there once more, looking at her wonderingly as she comes towards me through the trees.)

I will not try to describe her; I only know that she was very, very fair, and that she seemed almost a spirit of beauty, coming out of the woods towards me. She was Nature—and Love—and Life—and Laughter—all embodied; I could only sit and watch her; it did not occur to me even to ask myself who she was. She did not see me until she was quite close, and then she stopped, and looked at me, quite unafraid. She was quite young—only eighteen, as I knew afterwards—and she looked little more than a child. As I stumbled to my feet, she looked shyly at me, and smiled; and it seemed then as though I knew her, and as though she knew me. Afterwards, when we came at another time to talk about it, she told me that it had seemed as though she had come there to meet me out of some other life that was left behind with that moment; and indeed, I cannot better express my own feelings than in that way. Perhaps youth called to youth; or perhaps all that was to be was written down in some grim book of fate, of which we did not hold the key.

She shyly looked at my work, and asked questions about it; begged that I would go on with it—and perhaps wondered why I could not, with her distracting draperies fluttering against me almost, as she stood. Like a child, and with a child's confidence in me, she offered to show me a spot in the woods more beautiful than that I had chosen; I left my easel, and we walked side by side among the trees, talking. I do not know now of what we talked, but we seemed to speak of everything vital and important in heaven and earth. And then, surprisingly, she told me her name.

"I am Barbara Patton. I ought to have told you."

"Patton?" I said, remembering my guardian's mention of that name, and of the house at which he was living.

"Yes; Mr. Patton, up at the house there, is my father. And you?"

I gave her my name, and we laughed a little consciously at the thought that now we should know each other perfectly, and that all was fair and straight between us. I have never met anyone like her—never anyone so wonderful; I have known but few women, but I am sure there never was anyone like her in the world. She woke in me then, apart from the love I knew had come into my heart at the mere sight of her, a desire to protect her; and to be chivalrous and manly and strong, for her sake, to every creature in the world.

I told her about my guardian; and when I spoke of him I thought I saw the girlish face change a little, and a look of anxiety come into her sunny eyes. A little reserve came over her, too, so that she spoke less freely of herself; I wondered if she disliked him as much as I did. Strangely enough, she voiced that feeling in a moment, when she faced round upon me and asked the question—

"Do you like him?"

"I—I don't know," I faltered. "I've only known him a matter of hours." Then, daringly willing to meet her mood in the matter, I added quickly: "Of course, if you don't like him——"

"I'm afraid of him," she said, looking quickly about her among the trees. Then, speaking more naturally, she said: "I hope I shall see something of you, Mr. Avaline, before you go back to London. I'm sure that my father would be glad."

She held out her hand to me, as though in farewell, and as though desiring that some distance should be set between us after our easy familiarity. I took her hand, and held it for a moment, and looked into her eyes; and in that second of time something seemed to pass from the one to the other of us, and back again, that needed no words. It was as though each expressed dumbly to the other mute confidence in the other, and in what was in the other's heart.

I stumbled over the words I said to her. "I'm so glad—glad I've met you, Miss Patton," I said; and my heart sang "Barbara!" over and over again as I said it.

"I'm very glad to have met you, Mr. Avaline," she replied. And then, after shyly leaving her hand in mine for a moment, she withdrew it, and laughed, and turned away.

I watched her as she moved away through the trees, until at last she turned, and glanced back at me; and then we both turned away abruptly, and hurried out of sight. I went so fast that I stumbled, within a matter of yards, over a man lying flat on his back, smoking, and staring up at the tree-tops; I had kicked against him before I saw that it was Hockley.

"Why the devil don't you look where you're going!" he growled, in response to my apology.

I thought nothing of it then, although I have remembered it bitterly enough since. I thought only of her I had left—wondered why the world was changed in a moment for me, so that no loutish young men who sprawled in the sunlight could poison the woods for me, or spoil the prospect. And yet it seemed that that wood was haunted that day; for, as I hurried off to find my easel, I saw another man standing at the edge of a little pool, staring down into the water over his folded arms. He was so intent upon the water, or seemed to be, that he did not notice me; it was my guardian, Jervis Fanshawe.

I did not speak to him; I hurried on to where I had left my easel. Coming to it, I saw that the canvas had been overturned, and that a muddy heel had been ground into the painting, leaving it broken and ruined. I seemed to know instinctively who had done that; I hurried back through the wood in search of Hockley. But though I looked in all directions, and even called his name sternly, I saw nothing of him; and in the end I did not trouble further about it, but went home, hugging my new happiness in my heart.

There I found a note from my guardian, curtly bidding me come up to the house that night, to dine with Mr. Patton.

CHAPTER II.

And What I Lost.

I lunched alone that day, and spent the afternoon in the woods—perhaps with a vague hope that I might again see Barbara Patton, as I had seen her that morning. But I saw no one; even Hockley kept out of my way, perhaps for obvious reasons. I comforted myself with the reflection that I was to see her that night; I began to count the hours that must pass before I should meet her.

I got back to the inn, and began to dress, long before it was necessary that I should do so at all; I was like a girl in my desire to look well that night, and to create a good impression. Not that I had any definite feeling as to what was to happen in the future; it had not gone far enough for that. I was in love, and that was all I thought about; and I was going to meet her again and to touch her hand and look into her eyes. I lived in an impossible world, and dreamed impossible dreams.

While I dressed in a perfunctory fashion, I happened to glance out of the window and saw Jervis Fanshawe coming straight along the road towards the inn. I was a little surprised, and for one moment a horrible fear assailed me that he had come to tell me that the dinner had been postponed; the next, I stopped in what I was doing, to watch him as he walked, and to wonder at his hurry. For he was coming along at a sort of half trot, with his eyes bent on the ground and his hands clasped before him; I could see the white fingers working together convulsively as he came.

He came into my room and stood for a moment or two looking at me, as though scarcely knowing what to say, or how to account for his presence. I expressed my surprise at seeing him, and asked if anything was the matter.

"No—nothing is the matter," he replied, in a low tone. "You're early with your dressing," he added.

I muttered some excuse and went on fastening my collar. He seated himself on the bed, so that he was directly behind me, and I could not see him. An obstinate stud happening to fall, I stooped to pick it up, and in so doing moved a little to one side; as I straightened myself again, I caught sight of his face in the looking-glass. In that momentary glimpse I had of it, I saw, to my astonishment, that it was convulsed with rage—livid with a hatred so deadly that instinctively I swung round to look at the man. But by that time the face was calm and composed, and he was speaking in an ordinary voice. The change had been so sudden and so complete that I had a dazed feeling that I must have been mistaken and had never seen that look at all.

I wanted to see you, Charlie, before you went to the house tonight," he began, pressing his plams closely together, and sawing his hands backwards and forwards with a regular movement between his knees as he sat. "You're going to a strange house tonight, and it's just as well, perhaps, that you should know something about the people you will meet. You're young yet and have not had much experience."

I laughed to myself to think how little

Some Political Slang.

Stories in a Nutshell of the Origin of Well-Known Phrases.

A story lies hidden in many a commonplace phrase, and particularly meaty with anecdote we find our political slang if only we take the trouble to crack it open.

The familiar expression, "An axe to grind," frequently attributed to Benjamin Franklin, originated with Charles Miner, who introduced the following tale of woe in a short, pithy essay published in a country newspaper of Pennsylvania during the year 1811. A little boy is asked by a man with an axe and an engaging smile if his father has a grindstone, and the family being in proud possession of that implement of welfare, the youngster leads the way into the back yard.

"What a fine little fellow you are!" exclaims the stranger—quite casually, as though scarcely conscious of speaking loud. Of course, the boy becomes at once his most obedient servant, and, by more well-directed praise, brings water to whet the wheel and heroically turns the grindstone until his small hands sting with blisters. But the moment the axe is ground its owner calls his little fetch-and-carry slave "rascal," crushes his new-born manly pride by bidding him hurry off to school.

The wire-pulling referred to in the political vernacular as "mending his fences" harks back to John Sherman's ambition for presidential honors. Shortly before the meeting of the Republican national convention in 1880 Sherman slipped away from the senate to his Ohio farm, where, presumably, he was engaged in quietly furthering his desired ends. Thither he was pursued by a reporter, who suddenly bobbed up through a trapdoor one day, when Sherman and his brother-in-law, cornered

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he knew that I had seen the most important person in that house that very day; mine was the wisdom of youth, and I was sorry for this man, so much older than myself, who did not understand these matters.

"Old Patton has every confidence in me—trusts me completely. In fact, I may say that he has a liking for me that he has for very few men."

I wondered a little what manner of man old Patton could be that he should like my guardian, but I said nothing.

"Mr. Patton has a daughter—a very presentable sort of girl, and, of course, a lady," went on Fanshawe; and for some unaccountable reason I found my fingers fumbling and trembling over the tying of my white tie. "Save for him, she is alone in the world, and must, of course, be provided for. Do you follow me?"

I followed him so well that the tie I was fumbling at had become a mere piece of crumpled rag; I tore it from my neck and took another.

"So that I have decided to marry the girl, and in that way consolidate my position—and hers. It is, of course, not public in any way yet, and I do not wish you to say anything about it." He paused and in the silence of the room I could hear his hands rubbing together over each other. "Well—why don't you speak?" he demanded at last.

I could not trust myself to look round; I spoke with my back to him. "And what about the young lady?" I managed to ask. "What does she say?"

"I don't understand," he responded, blankly. "She hasn't said anything yet; she hasn't been asked. It isn't exactly a question for her."

I threw up my head and I laughed loud and long. The thing was so absurd, from my point of view, and I was so sure of her that I almost seemed to see Jervis Fanshawe standing before her, and asking his question; seemed to hear her laugh with me at the absurdity of it. What did this man know of love or a girlish heart?

He got up abruptly, and came and stood beside me; as I still laughed, he rapped sharply with his knuckles on the dressing-table, as though to call me to order. In that moment reserve was thrown aside, and the man blurted out what was in his mind.

"What were you doing in the wood today with her?" he asked, with his face so close to mine that I could feel his hot breath on my cheek. I faced round at him squarely.

"Why were you spying on me?" I demanded hotly; and at the look in his eyes I shrank back from him, a little afraid. For I had never seen on any face such a look of mingled fear and hopelessness, and longing and misery, as I saw in his face then.

"Why was I spying on you? Why do I spy on everyone? Why do I feel when I am near that child, like a weak and impotent child myself? I could crush the life out of her with that hand"—he shook it fiercely in the air before me as he spoke—"and yet she could make me do murder, with a word or a look. I want her—and I mean to have her; there is a passion in me that a boy such as you can't understand. Besides," he went on more calmly, "there are other reasons—reasons you know nothing about. I've gone too far to draw back—and yet I'm afraid to go on. Charlie"—he laid his hand on my arm, and I felt it shake—"you've got to help me somehow; we've got to get through this thing together. Unless I marry this girl—(and God knows I'd treat her well)—it means red ruin for me—and perhaps worse."

"She doesn't love you," I said coldly, urging the only argument I knew.

"I don't ask for that," he retorted bluntly, "because I don't understand it. I'm going to marry her. I think my influence is strong enough with her father for that; I am necessary to him."

"You don't know what you are talking about," I told him. "Do you think she'd turn to you or have a word to say to you if you tried to draw her with any other power save that of love? Women don't marry in that way." I added, with the deep wisdom that had come to me that day.

"I suppose you think she's in love with you?" he sneered.

I felt myself burning red all over the face I turned from him, yet I answered steadily. "I should like to think so," I replied; and in spite of his jeers I refused to say any more then.

He paced about the room for a time, stepping carefully over the pattern in the carpet, as though deep in thought. Presently he stopped almost behind me, and spoke in a tone that was half pleading and half threatening. "You mustn't be a fool over this matter, Charlie," he said. "Yours is calf love; you're not old enough to know anything about that sort of thing yet. Besides, old Patton would laugh at you."

"I'm not going to marry old Patton," I reminded him. "In any case, I don't want to discuss the matter, because there's nothing to discuss. Only for your own sake I would advise you to think twice before you suggest marrying Barbara Patton."

"How did you come to know her name?" he asked quickly.

"From her own lips," I replied, turning away from him, and beginning to finish my dressing.

I remember that before he hurried away he strove to patch up some sort of peace with me; held out his hand, with seeming frankness, and declared that I was a fine fellow, and that he meant to stand by me. What he meant by that I did not exactly know; I only understood that he was nervous and anxious, and although I chafed at the thought of his daring to raise eyes to my Barbara, I yet felt a sort of sneaking pity for him, as some one lower than myself, who did not understand this business of love, and had no real chance in the game.

Nevertheless, I was troubled. I did not like the thought that this girl, who had suddenly become, in a matter of hours, so much to me, should be the center of plots and intrigues; above all, I did not like to think that there might be a possibility that my guardian would be able to use a powerful lever to gain her father on his own side. I thought of her always among the trees in the sunlight—and alone with me; I could not bear to think of her then in any other way. Even while I longed for the moment to arrive when I should see her, I yet felt that insane jealousy of youth which resented the thought that others would be about her, and would claim her attention.

I walked in the gathering dusk to the house, being nearly run down in consequence by a dog cart, in which was seated a man whom I felt instinctively must be Gavin Hockley. I do not know why I thought so, except for his brutal method of driving, and for the fact that he shouted at me for daring to be on the same road with him. I wondered a little where he was going; I understood better when, on reaching the house, I saw him lounging with his hands in his pockets in the doorway of the drawing-room. I thought of my ruined painting and of my escape from an accident but a few minutes before; but I said nothing. I could not quarrel with the fellow there, but I made up my mind that I would have something to say to him before we parted for the night.

The house was an old and roomy one—just the sort of country house that one would expect a substantial man of business to have. There were several guests besides myself; one elderly lady, whom I understood to be a sister to old Patton; a doctor from the neighborhood and his wife; and a tall, pleasant-faced young man, not very intelligent-looking, but with good humor writ large all over him. For some reason our host was not there when we arrived, but he came in almost immediately afterwards, with Barbara on his arm and closely followed by Jervis Fanshawe.

I cannot account for it even now, save by the suggestion that I was myself fully on the alert that night, and expectant of anything and everything that might happen; but the very air was stormy. The mere mutterings of that storm came, as it were, into the room with old Patton and his daughter; the menace of it was in the white watchful face of my guardian behind them. And yet there was nothing in the least stormy in the appearance of old Patton himself; indeed, he was quite a benevolent-looking gentleman, rather too old, I thought, to be the father of Barbara, for his hair was white, and he stooped a little as he walked. But he had a kindly face, with yet a certain strong note of determination in it.

Barbara raised her eyes to mine once, and once only; and in that flash I strove to read her thoughts and her heart. In the look I thought I detected that she mutely asked me something, or pleaded with me; so much I seemed to understand, but no more.. She gave no sign of knowing me, and only bowed slightly when I was introduced; old Patton, on the other hand, greeted me warmly, and had a cordial word or two to say about my guardian. He shook hands, too, with Hockley, and seemed to know him; I gathered that Hockley had been there before.

I had had a wild dream that I might take Barbara in to dinner; but that was reserved for the young man of the good-humored face. Somehow I felt I did not like him quite so well as I had at first, but, remembering our meeting in the wood, I felt that Barbara probably shared my feelings on the matter, and suffered as much as I did. I went in at the tail end of the little procession and was consoled to find that Barbara was seated opposite me, and that I could watch her easily during the progress of the meal. Other eyes were watching her, too, with a curious intentness; my guardian's, with his nostrils distended, and his hands nervously gripping each other; Hockley's with the brutal, dull look that belonged to him. For her own part, she kept her eyes on her plate, and only now and then seemed to answer a remark addressed to her by the young man of the good-humored face, whose name I heard was Lucas Savell.

I do not remember the dinner; it seemed all Barbara. I know I replied to words addressed to me, and I suppose I replied fairly intelligently; but all the time I seemed to see that face before me, and to see it, strangely enough, as the center of that storm-cloud that was gathering. From that face I would glance for a moment to the face of Jervis Fanshawe, that never seemed to change, and that was like a white mask; and from that again to the face of old Patton, at the head of the table, watching the bent head of his daughter, or again to Hockley, lounging clumsily in his chair, with his shoulder turned towards the doctor's wife, the while he carelessly flung a remark or two over it at that lady. And so back to Barbara again.

I awoke to the consciousness that the doctor was telling a story, and telling it, as it seemed, rather well, to judge by the interested faces about him; even Barbara had raised her head a little, and seemed to be listening.

"It came to this, therefore," the doctor was saying, "that this man had a reason for getting rid of two people, and, so far as I can make out (for, of course, you will understand that I cannot give names or dates or places), set about deliberately to compass the death of both. The one man he determined should, if possible, be induced to kill the other, and in so doing should, of necessity, kill himself, in suffering the just penalty of his crime."

"And did the plan succeed?" It was old Patton who asked the question, and it was obvious that he asked it more to keep the conversation alive than for any real interest he felt in such a subject.

"Yes, the plan succeeded," said the doctor, softly crumbling a morsel of bread, and looking down at it, before raising his bright eyes for a moment to his host. "He brought the two men together, as if in the most innocent way; saw to it that they were thrown much into each other's company; arranged that they should become on such intimate terms that they should know each other's secret lives, and so should play into each other's hands, and into his. And in that way he almost overshot the mark; for they became so friendly that there seemed for a time but little prospect that the one should ever quarrel with the other sufficiently to seek his life. Therefore our friend determined to introduce another element—a mere pawn in the game. He chose a woman."

A little sigh went up from the company, and there was some small nodding of heads, as though this was quite what might have been expected. Glancing round the table, I caught sight of only one face, and that a horrible one; the face of Jervis Fanshawe, thrust forward, with eager eyes fixed on those of the doctor. It fascinated me, and I watched it.

"He saw to it that the woman was young, and attractive, and virtuous; he rightly calculated that, if carefully managed, it might happen that the younger man would fall in love with her. And sure enough, that was exactly what did happen; the younger man, although quite hopelessly, worshiped her in a romantic and very ideal sort of way."

"I begin to understand," said Lucas Savell, nodding his head. "The other man fell in love with her, too."

"Nothing so commonplace," replied the doctor. "Our friend who had the scheme in mind went to that other man, and whispered lies about the woman—dropping a sure poison where he knew it would take root and spread. And presently it happened that the elder of the two men who were destined to die breathed a word against the woman the other loved, and another word, and yet another; the breach grew and grew, and the man who had repeated the lie strove hard to justify what he had said. Then came the final business of all, when the younger man, in a fit of rage, struck down his friend, and in due course paid the penalty with his life."

Another little sigh, almost of relief, as the story finished; then, after a pause, conversation broke out more generally. Looking up, I caught the eye of my guardian, and saw that he was watching me; he smiled, as a man does who catches the eye of a friend, and then looked away. And then in a moment, as it seemed, that storm that had hovered over us burst suddenly and relentlessly.

Old Patton made a sign to a servant and whispered something to the man, who bent his head to listen; then the man and another hurried round, and began to fill the champagne glasses. I saw that Barbara was watching her father; I saw her lips parted, as though she would have spoken, but dared not. And still I did not understand; still it never occurred to me to look at the young man of the good-natured face, who sat beside her, and who had, I imagined, begun to color a little consciously.

"And now for something a little more pleasant," said old Patton, with the somewhat dictatorial air of the host. "Your glasses are charged, friends, and I have a toast to propose——"

"Not now, father," I heard Barbara's distressed voice say.

"A toast you will all be glad, I am sure, to drink heartily. I give you——"

"Father!—not now!"

"My dear child, better now than at any time," he retorted, nodding at her with a kindly frown. "My friends," he went on, looking round at us—"I have an announcement to make to you—an announcement of a very pleasing character." He cleared his throat, and jerked his chin up a little, with an air of importance. "I have to announce the engagement of my daughter Barbara to her cousin—Lucas Savell—and I ask you to drink their healths."

I know that my heart seemed to stand still; in the momentary silence I could only stare straight across at the girl. She had raised her eyes, and was looking straight at me; and again in those eyes I read pleading and entreaty, and perhaps a prayer that I would understand. Our eyes held each other's then, just as they had held by their glances in the wood.

"I am getting on in years, and it is more than possible that there is not much more time left to me," went on old Patton. "I shall be glad to feel that my child's future is safe in the hands of a good man. It has been the wish of my life that these two young people should marry, and after a little hesitation—coyness, I suppose — the thing has been settled. My friends"—he raised his glass, and smiled round upon us all—"the health of my daughter and of her future husband!"

We all stood up, raising our glasses and murmuring the toast. Some little surprise and confusion was caused by the fact that the stem of my glass snapped in my fingers, so that the glass fell, spilling the wine over the cloth. It did not seem to matter then; nothing seemed to matter at all; the world was dead for me. I was glad when presently the ladies rose to go; I saw Savell whisper something to Barbara, and saw that she replied without looking at him. Nor did she look at me again; she passed out of the room with bent head.

I heard a whisper at my ear. "Well, what's your opinion of women now?" I turned and saw the leering face of Gavin Hockley, with the corners of his mouth drawn down in a sneer. I did not reply to him; I lit a cigaret that was offered me, and wondered how long I must wait before I could get away. I meant to walk the night away, and get rid of my sorrow.

We soon went into the drawing-room, for Barbara was singing, and her father wished us to hear it. Looking back on that night now, I have wondered often and often what I must have seemed like to the other guests—have wondered whether by chance any one guessed my secret, or knew the bitter ache in my heart. It was one evening in my life that was full of acutest misery; yet I was to be compensated, strangely enough, and hopelessly enough.

She was sining while her lover stood beside her at the piano. The room seemed suffocating, and I got up, and stood by an open French window, looking out over the dark garden; I felt somewhat as though my heart, beating up madly into my throat, must burst. The music behind me ceased, and there was a movement in the room; I did not turn my head.

I heard rather than saw the movement of her dress near me; caught the quick whisper that was as a mere breath of sound, as she stepped over the sill of the French window, and went past me into the darkness—

"I must speak to you."

I was stepping out straight after her, when I was thrust aside in a fashion that drove me hard against the window-frame, and Hockley strode out after her. I had recovered myself, and was beside him in a moment; but not before he had caught her hand, and drawn it under his arm roughly.

"Your future husband will have enough of you in the future, my dear," he said, a little thickly. "Come out into the garden."

Behind me in the room I could hear the soft well-bred laughter; before me in the darkness that little tragedy was going on. For the girl was pulling helplessly at his arm to get away; I heard her pleading with him in a whisper. The sight maddened me; I was not responsible for what I did. I spoke to him sharply; and as he swung round, and she strove again to free herself, I struck him with all my might—flinging all the rage and despair that was in my heart into the blow—fair on the temple. He threw up his arm, and went down backwards over some steps that led from the terrace. I felt certain that I had killed him.

The noise he made, and a shout he gave as he went down, had alarmed the people in the room; they came crowding out to see what was wrong. Their excited faces were behind us; up from the darkness rose the surprised face of Gavin Hockley; I saw him furtively brushing the dust from his clothes, as he rose first to his knees, and then to his feet.

"Nothing to make a fuss about," he growled. "I—I slipped. Infernally dark out here."

I caught a look on the face of my guardian that puzzled me; it was that eager look again, but intensified a thousand-fold; and he was smiling straight at me as though—ridiculous thought!—I had done some worthy thing in his eyes. That look surprised me, and in a vague way terrified me.

As the confusion subsided, and the people went back into the room, I found that the girl was clinging to my arm; and it seemed natural that she should do so. Hockley had slouched away, muttering that he would put himself straight; once again it happened that Barbara and I were alone together. We passed out of sight of the windows; and then in a moment, at the end of the terrace, we stood in perfect understanding, as it seemed, with hands clasping hands, and my boyish eyes looking into her girlish ones. And it was writ in the skies above us, and whispered by the trees forlornly enough, that we loved each other, and that it was all hopeless.

"I promised a year ago—before I understood," she whispered, as though taking up a tale that had been told between us. "My father likes him; he will be good to me, I know. I—I did not understand."

I seemed to live twenty lives in that moment when I stood and held her hands, and listened to her words. There was a savage pride in my heart, greater than my misery, that I should so have won her without a word; I knew that I was greater in her sight than the man whose name she was to take. Boy though I was, I know that I dedicated myself and my life to her then; the world has never seemed to me so pure and holy since as it did then. I was not ashamed of the tears I shed, as I bent my head and put my lips to her hands; I felt that I could not shame her with any pleadings or protestations. When presently we were calmer, I walked slowly back into the world with her, and gave her to the man to whom she belonged, and who had come in search of her.

I did not see her again that night; she pleaded fatigue, and went to her room. The little party broke up, and I presently found myself on the high road under the stars, walking beside Jervis Fanshawe. And the thing that surprised me most was the extraordinary mood the man was in. He gave vent to little soft chuckles from time to time, and snapped his long fingers, and muttered to himself; while every now and then he dropped a hand on my shoulder, and gave it an approving squeeze, as though in pure friendliness. It was only when he spoke to me that my mind went back to my encounter with Hockley that night.

"You struck well, my boy; I'd like to have seen the whole thing, but I was a bit too late. Muscle is a magnificent possession; and you must be very strong." He slipped his hand down my arm as he spoke, and chuckled again. "Always strike hard, Charlie; stand no insolence from a creature like that. He's a leper—a bullying beast—a robber!" Strong though I was, he absolutely hurt me with the grip he gave my arm.

"He's walking along just in front of us," I said a moment later, as we saw a figure slouching along ahead.

Hockley turned as we got near to him, and waited for us. I braced myself for a possible encounter; I think in that moment I rather longed for it. But the man contented himself with coming towards us, with his hands thrust in his pockets; and so stopping in the road in the darkness to look me over.

"I make it a rule to let a man have blow for blow," he said, slowly and doggedly, "but I also make it a rule to get my blow in at my own time of day. Look out for yourself, you young dog; you'll get it when you least expect it."

I said nothing, and he slouched on again for a yard or two, turned again, and came back. And this time he approached my guardian.

"As for you, Jervis Fanshawe, I've a bone to pick with you. You're responsible for this cub, and you've no right to let him loose about the country, interfering with honest men."

"Honest men, indeed!" sneered Fanshawe, getting a little behind me as he spoke.

"Yes—honest men," repeated the other. "I hope it doesn't touch you on the raw, Fanshawe," he added, with a grin. "And mark what I say: I'll have a kick at you for this night's work, and I'll begin now. I want my money within twenty-four hours."

"You know you can't have it," replied my guardian, in a voice that had suddenly changed.

"Very well—then I'll talk!" exclaimed Gavin Hockley, swinging round on his heel with a laugh, and striding off into the darkness.

I felt my arm gripped again; I looked round into a white distorted face that shocked and frightened me. If ever I saw murder in a man's eyes I saw it then.

"When next you strike him, Charlies—strike him hard," he whispered passionately in my ear. "When next you strike him—strike him dead!"

(To Be Continued.)

FREE BOOK ABOUT CANCER

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The Farmer's Wife

Is very careful about her churn. She scalds it thoroughly after using, and gives it a sun bath to sweeten it. She knows that if her churn is sour it will taint the butter that is made in it. The stomach is a churn. In the stomach and digestive and nutritive tracts are performed processes which are almost exactly like the churning of butter. Is it not apparent then that if this stomach-churn is foul it makes foul all which is put into it?

The evil of a foul stomach is not alone the bad taste in the mouth and the foul breath caused by it, but the corruption of the pure current of blood and the dissemination of disease throughout the body. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes the sour and foul stomach sweet. It does for the stomach what the washing and sun bath do for the churn—absolutely removes every tainting or corrupting element. In this way it cures blotches, pimples, eruptions, scrofulous swellings, sores, or open eating ulcers and all humors or diseases arising from bad blood.

If you have bitter, nasty, foul taste in your mouth, coated tongue, foul breath, are weak and easily tired, feel depressed and despondent, have frequent headaches, dizzy attacks, gnawing or distress in stomach, constipated or irregular bowels, sour or bitter risings after eating and poor appetite, these symptoms, or any considerable number of them, indicate that you are suffering from biliousness, torpid or lazy liver with the usual accompanying indigestion, or dyspepsia and their attendant derangements.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

THE PERIL OF MISUSED STRENGTH.

The International Sunday School Lesson for December 1 is, "The Death of Samson." Judges 16:21-23.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

The noise of cracking pillars and crashing walls has filled the world of late, even as in Samson's time, because men of might have perverted their power. Because the strong have misused their strength, ruthlessly crushing whatever hindered their mad struggles for wealth and power, the whole continent has manifested an ominous reaction. As Shakespeare says,

"Oh, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant."

There be many who would relate the old story of Samson to the nursery; but the need for his life message was never more acute than today. He is one of those characters whose usefulness consists in serving as a warning to his race. Samson is great in literature as a horrible example. He represents the strong gone wrong. A man of ascetic vows, who should have been a spiritual leader, he became a buffoon, a player of boys' pranks, a flighty cracker of jokes, a sensual voluptuary, disregarding his primary obligations of patriotism and piety.

Some Samsons Gone Wrong.

The public speaker who tickles men's ears when he ought to stir their hearts; the young men who are addle-pated patrons of pleasure when they ought to be assuming the dignities and responsibilities of real manhood; the idle, favored classes who regard the world as a toy, rather than as a tool; the children of noble parents, and inheritors of sacred vows, who render no honor to their forbears because they give no service to their time; the irresponsible rich who think that the public is merely a mine to be ruthlessly exploited; the politician who is patching his own district fences when he should be a statesman serving the nation; the educated, prosperous and "respectable" men who stoop to sensual pleasures—all these are present-day examples of Samsons who have made themselves objects of scorn and contempt, instead of being objects of honor and affection.

Samson was long on hair, but short on head. He had more muscle than manliness. He was a "good fellow" but a bad man. Strong in sinew, he was weak in will. A private vengeance incited him more intensely than a public service. His lack of dignity was not the wise man's unbending, but the fool's lack of sense of fitness. The mightiest man of his day, he lent his strength to the playing of childish pranks, and finally permitted it to depart through him at the hands of a woman. Is it any wonder that he seems to have had many boon companions but no real friends, and that he is the one caricature in the whole gallery of Scriptural characters?

Two Kind of Samsons.

With all the force of tremendous recent events behind it, the teaching of Samson's life should be driven home that "noblesse oblige" privilege carries obligations; power creates duties. "They that are strong," said the Great Teacher, "ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please themselves." This western world, above all other lands, needs to be told, in prophet tones, that power, be it financial power, political power, intellectual power, social power, or the power of position, may honorably be employed only for high and altruistic ends. This is the truth which has given vitality and force to the ominous Socialistic propaganda of the day. Deep in his heart, the common man feels the injustice of the possession of vast power by a comparative few, who use their power with no sense of stewardship, social service or patriotic duty.

The lesson is clear for all men's readings that the aggregate of the weak and the ill-used constitute in themselves another Samson, to whom the lines of Milton may be applied:

"There is a poor, blind Samson in this land,
Shorn of his strength, and bound with bands of steel,
Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand,
And shake the pillars of the commonweal."

The Philistines who fell beneath the ruins of festal hall which Samson wrecked, had scorned and despised their prisoner. They thought themselves safe, and him helpless. One need not be considered an alarmist to say that their case is a monition to our own times.

The Old, Old Warning.

"We've had no end of a lesson," wrote the British poet, after the Boer war; but the disheartening fact is that the most obvious lesson seems the hardest to learn. There never has been a teacher, a philosopher, an observer of life, from the earliest days of human society, who has not uttered warnings against that monstrous big fact which we veil under the polite phraise, "the social evil." Yet every large community, in our own land and time, sees men planting their feet in the ways that lead to this death.

Everybody lives as if nobody had ever lived before. The latest youth who calls a routine life of respectable work and pure pleasures "slow" and monotonous, thinks he has made a brand-new discovery. He considers the home folks "old fogies;" he wants "life" and "excitement." Just as if that same folly had not been committed by millions before him, including this husky Hebrew, Samson. Whole nations have gone to ruin by the path of sensuality; whole nations today lie shamed and weaklings before the face of stronger powers for the self-same reason. Whoever is tempted by wandering desires—and who is not?—should remember that every man who puts his head in Delilah's lap is shorn of his strength. Without any prudery, or false modesty, let the teachers of men say so, instead of conjuring up a whole army of offenses against man-made regulations. Their failure to do so is one reason why many strong men, who know real life, have no time for much of the day's religious teaching.

The Ex-Slaves' Strength.

Every simpering beauty thinks she alone is responsible for the pretty face with which she was born. Every man of brains takes credit to himself for his wisdom. Every giant acts as though he had made his own riches. Samson sported with his strength as though it were altogether his own, to do with as he pleased. Whereas the deep truth runs that we have only because we have been given; abilities are only "talents," given in custody by a kind Providence; the helped are the strong.

Old "Uncle Billy," a Virginia ex-slave, was telling me the simple, compelling story of his own life. Of unknown age at present, he still chops all the firewood—cords of it—for a large household that uses no other fuel. "Deed, I doesn't know how I does it. Why, I has the rheumatiz so bad that I can't hardly h'ist my arm this high"—painfully raising it a few inches—"but I does it somehow. I'll tell you why. The good Master, He helps me. He shore does. He's right beside me all the day. He says, you know, 'Whithersoever ye may be, there I am, too.' I knows it, so I does. And some day"—here the wrinkled old black face took on a new light—"He's gwine to gimme a robe what'll outshine the sun, outshine the sun."

Is that faith too simple, too childlike?" Nay, despite all its ignorances and misquotations, it is the very faith for the times. The old negro has grasped the heart of the truth of God's fatherhood. He cares for his own; he helps them, in matters small as in matters great. It is the spiritual teaching which underlies the Samson story; Samson was not strong in himself; he was made strong by Jehovah. When he got out of right relations with Jehovah, he lost his strength.

Easy as it was for Delilah to cut Samson's locks, it is equally easy for the secular spirit to sap the secret strength of a Christian's soul. Samson had a peerless disregard for his peerless heritage; one's spirituality, which is surest strength and sweetest joy, should be guarded more zealously than life. For it may be lost, even by the strongest. No man is too high in Christian work and usefulness to be above the danger of losing his heart's best treasure, through inattention, through worldliness, sensuality and forgetfulness of God. God may forgive and restore, even as He did Samson; but not to the old estate. The returned prodigal always bears traces of the far country in his spirit.

The Farmstead

Questions for Answer.

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting the results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Will some reader of the Farmstead please tell me how to grow horseradish for the market?—R., Manchester, O.

I have a fine four-year-old colt that has bone spavin; the growth has been coming on for three months; tried a spavin cure without beneficial results. Can any reader give me a sure cure, and tell how to remove the lumps?—H., Morgantown, W. Va.

Would like to know what is wrong with our silage. We are feeding it every day, and still it seems to keep musty; was cut pretty green, but don't know whether that makes any difference. Hope I will hear from someone through the Farmstead columns.—R., Bulger, Pa.

Worms In Horses.

Replying to B., Green Bank, O.: For worms in horses, give potatoes and plenty of salt until cured. We found the remedy in an old Blade, and used it with success. It also stated that if horses were given plenty of salt they would never be troubled with worms.—N., Munich, Mich.

Milking Machine.

Here is a graphic description of the workings of the milking machine and cream separator by a dairyman to his inquiring friends. It is certainly in keeping with the rapid way in which we do things in these days.

"Saddle on every cow, storage battery, time clock. Rubber tubes tapping cow. At hour set clock releases little mechanism, throws on electric power, milking starts, fluid siphoned right up into storage tank on saddle. Milking ended, flow of milk stops and that drops little lever that switches power and milk to reservoir. Centrifugal motion extracts cream in side receptacle drops out colored flags on each side of cow."

"What are the flags for?"

"Soon as man sees the flags he knows cream and skimmed milk are ready and he goes out into his electric runabout and gathers the harvest and puts in recharged battery."

"But didn't all that mechanism rattle the cows at first?"

"Well, some of them were terribly shocked."

Beet Pulp for Steers.

The Michigan agricultural station has drawn the following conclusions from three feeding trials in comparison of dried beet pulp and corn meal for fattening steers.

Beet pulp produced gain cheaper than corn meal. The average cost per hundredweight gain for steers fed corn meal was $8.87, and for the beet pulp was $7.17, $1.70 per hundred weight cheaper with the dried beet pulp ration.

The absolute gain produced by feeding beet pulp was practically the same as from feeding corn meal.

The gains of the pulp fed steers were in the nature of growth and development, the corn meal produced fat and finish. As a result, at the end of the feeding period, the corn meal steers were in better condition for market than the others.

For growing animals, beet pulp produced the greatest gains. For animals in a condition for finishing corn meal gave the most rapid gains.

From this it would be safe to conclude that in the earlier part of the feeding period, beet pulp could be fed in a larger quantity to advantage, because of its cheapness and at the same time ability to produce gain rapidly. During the finishing period it should, however, be replaced at least in a large measure by corn meal, which possesses more value for finishing purposes. The corn meal is a much more concentrated feed, hence its especial value for forcing at the close of the feeding period when beet pulp could not be used on account of the bulky character, rendering it impossible to feed sufficient quantity for the best results. These trials show that a 1,000 pound steer will not consume over ten pounds of dried beet pulp per day.

Electrifying Potatoes.

The use of electricity in cultivating farm and garden products is not new, says the Ohio Magazine, but it has made considerable progress in recent years. One method of experiment has been to stretch a wire netting across a field high enough not to touch the growing plants and circulate through it an electrical current. In other experiments the soil has been electrified by wires under and around the roots. By the former method it is said that strawberries attained an increased product of from 50 to 188 per cent, corn from 35 to 40 per cent, potatoes 20 per cent, beets 26 per cent and other products in proportion. It is claimed that an average increase of 45 per cent could be obtained with substantially all crops on fertile land by the electric treatment.

Clay Soils.

Clay soils are lacking in nitrogen and sometimes phosphoric acid. This can be supplied by barnyard manure. The growing of legumes has made it possible for the farmer to grow some kind of a leguminous crop, one that will gather nitrogen from the air and store it up in the soil. Salt is not a plant food, and therefore can not supply the elements needed by the clayed soil.

Fall Spraying.

Spraying is usually left to be done the last thing in the spring, and as the San Jose scale has been allowed to go unchecked all through the winter season, and as a result when spring comes the trees are in a weakened, unhealthy condition. If spraying is done if the spring happens to be a wet and windy season, the spraying is neglected altogether, consequently the crop, if there is any at all, is unmarketable and the trees are almost worthless when the time comes to spray them in the fall.

The old scale stops breeding and the young prepare for winter just as soon as the first heavy frost comes and the foliage begins to droop. While the old scale does not live to breed the next season, it very often lives through the winter, but not strong enough to be able to make a fresh start in the spring and the fruit grower is likely to place the blame on the insecticide he had used, whereas the scale is responsible.

Spread of Twig Diseases.

It may not be generally known, but many twig diseases of trees are spread by the pruning tools. One very successful nurseryman dips his pruning knives and saws in a solution of carbolic acid before beginning to prune another tree, so if any germs are on the tool this treatment will destroy them. As soon as a wound is made it is a good idea to disinfect and paint it to keep out the moisture. There is danger of trees contracting disease as the germs enter the wounds and diseased places result, or the exposed parts will begin to decay as soon as the moisture gets a hold.—Apple Specialist.

Culture of Corn.

If an increase of a single grain of corn on each ear could be made the increased total profit to the country would be $1,620,000. Farmers generally have taken great interest in the information furnished by the agricultural schools concerning seeds, soils, fertilizers and modes of cultivation. The aim should be to produce larger ears, more grains on the ear, more ears on the stalks and more stalks to the acre. This means intensive and scientific cultivation, and when generally mastered and pursued an average of 100 bushels to the acre on the best corn land will be the common report in favorable seasons from all over the corn belt.—Sweet Springs Herald.

Feeding Lambs.

The following suggestions are taken from a recent Oklahoma press bulletin and are of interest to sheep feeders, especially to those who have had but little experience in feeding sheep or lambs:

If sheep are infected with ticks or scab, they should be thoroughly dipped before being placed in their winter quarters. It is always advisable to dip lambs that have been shipped in from the stock yards, although they may be apparently healthy and free from parasites. The dipping at the yards is usually thorough, although some feeders claim that it is not to be depended upon at all times. Every precaution should be taken along this line, else sooner or later the feeders will have very disappointing experiences. There are many good dips on the market; coal tar dips are the most commonly used, though some shepherds prefer a sulphur dip. Any of the standard dips are good and one has only to see to it that the solution made is of sufficient strength. In using the coal tar dips, we have found that more satisfactory results were obtained by making the solution somewhat stronger than is recommended in the directions. This, however, was probably due to the fact that a less thorough dipping would prove effective when a stronger solution was used.

In planning feed lots it must be remembered that sheep can withstand a very low temperature if kept dry and sheltered from storms, but satisfactory results cannot be hoped for if they are kept in damp quarters even though the temperature may never be very low. Low, wet temperatures or damp winds are equally fatal to good results in handling sheep. A plentiful supply of good, pure water and a constant supply of salt are also very essential.

If the lambs have been shipped from the range, it will be best not to give them any grain for the first two weeks. By the end of that time, they will have become accustomed to the new surroundings and the new forage and has regained their strength which would necessarily be lessened by the journey. They should be started one-quarter of a pound of grain each

Habitual Constipation

may be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with and then no longer needed as the best of medicines, when required, are to assist nature and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally. To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine

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QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1.—Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with each question. Initials will not do. 2.—Write only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything or do anything in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions on religious topics.—no questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

Emigration for 1906.

Editor Question Bureau: Please give me the number of immigrants from Germany, England, France and Italy during 1906.—H. B., Theressa, Fla.

The following are the figures you want: From German empire, 37,564; from England, 49,491; from France, including Corsica, 9,386; from Italy, including Sicily and Sardinia, 273,120.

The Tower of Babel.

Editor Question Bureau: Please tell me who was the first man to start to build the Tower of Babylon, and how high he got it.—C. S., Coalton, W. Va.

What is not known about the Tower of Babel would fill a large book, while the definite knowledge we have of it would not occupy much space. It is first mentioned once in Scripture—Gen. 10 and 5. Some authorities represent the building as destroyed soon after its erection. When the Jews, however, were carried captive into Babylonia, they were struck with the vast magnitude and peculiar character of certain Babylonian temples in one or more of which they sought to recognize the very tower itself. The prevalent opinion was in favor of the great temple of Nebo, at Borsippa, the modern Birs-Nimrud. This building appears to have been a sort of oblique pyramid built in seven receding stages, and is a description that has been given of it: "Upon a platform of crude brick, raised a few feet above the level of the alluvial plain, was built of burnt brick the first or basement stage—an exact square, 272 feet each way, and 26 feet in perpendicular height. Upon this stage was erected a second, 230 feet each way, and likewise 26 feet high. The third stage was 188 feet, again 26 feet high; the fourth, 146 feet square, and 15 feet high; the fifth 104 feet square, and the same height as the fourth; the sixth 62 feet square, again the same height; and the seventh 20 feet square, and once more the same height. On the seventh stage there was probably placed the ark or tabernacle, which seems to have been about 15 feet high, and must have been, if not entirely, covered the top of the story. The entire original height, allowing three feet for the platform, would thus have been 156 feet; or, without the platform, 153 feet." There is pretty general agreement that the Tower of Babel is in Lower Babylonia, not far from the river Euphrates. Two principal locations are given in the literature of the subject: the ruins of Birs-Nimrud at old Borsippa (as mentioned above), south of the site of Babylon; and the ruins within the circuit of ancient Babylon itself. The first case Nebuchadnezzar tells that he finished a tower, which had been left unfinished by a former king. The second view is that the ruins of Babylon include the site of the Tower of the record.

The Siphon.

Editor Question Bureau: Over how much a hill will a siphon carry water?—S. B. Great Valley, N. Y.

Water may be siphoned over obstacles that are less than 32 feet higher than the surface of the water. The quantity of water carried depends on the difference of levels at the two sides of the obstacle and is not influenced by the height of the obstacle father than to the extent due to the increase of friction in an increased length of pipe.

Frederick Root.

Editor Question Bureau: Can you give account of the life of the late George Root, musical authority and composer? M., Rushsylvania, O.

George Frederick Root was born at Sheffield, Mass., August 30, 1820. In 1826 his parents removed to Reading, where he grew up on a farm. His was a musical family, his brothers and sisters being noted either as vocalists or performers. Before he left home he had learned to play unaided, several instruments. About 1838 he went to Boston, where he began to study under a prominent teacher, and advanced so rapidly that he became an assistant to his instructor. He was associated with Lowell Mason in the first experiment in this country of introducing singing as a regular branch of education in the public schools and was also director of two choirs. In 1844 he went to New York city on invitation of Jacob Abbott, and with his brothers, had established a music ladies' seminary there, and in addition to giving instruction in that institution, taught in the Rutgers institute, the institute for the blind and elsewhere. In 1850 Mr. Root visited Europe and spent a year in study in Paris, returning with improved ideas and greater ambition. In the autumn of 1852 he opened, at Dodsworth's hall in New York city, the first musical institute ever held in this country. After three years later, when it was well established, gave up teaching to devote himself to composition and the conduct of musical conventions. His first book, Hazel Dell, appeared in 1853 and became very popular, as did those that followed, such as Rosalie, the Prairie Flower; There's Music in the Air, and the songs. Of the latter, The Battle Cry of Freedom appeared in 1861, and Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching, in 1864. The patriotism of these thrilled millions of people. He also composed many songs of a religious use. A number of the popular songs are from his pen. During the later years of his residence in New York he was connected with the publishing house of Mason & Bradbury, in the direction of church music books. In 1859 he removed to Chicago, where he established the publishing house of Root & Cady, one of his brothers being associated with him. The first year prospered until the fall, when, by the great fire, a loss of $300,000 was incurred. After this, John Church & Co., of Cincinnati, purchased the good will of the firm, and the Chicago house was conducted under the name of Root & Sons. Mr. Root continued to live in Chicago, and devoted his time to composition. He was widly known and greatly beloved. He died while at his summer home at Bailey's island, off the coast of Maine, August 6, 1895. His eldest daughter, Mrs. Clara Louisa Burnham, is an author.

The Boomerang.

Editor Question Bureau: Please inform me how the Australian boomerang is made. Is it made of wood? How does it return to the thrower, by bouncing or by allowing for its curve in throwing?—E. D., Cox's Mills, W. Va.

The boomerang is made of hardwood, and its length is from 30 to 40 inches. Its shape it is curved somewhat like a scimetar or a parabola, or it may have a decided bend in the middle nearly approaching a right angle, the bend being a natural one. The breadth is usually about three inches, and while one surface is flat the other is somewhat rounded. Boomerangs are of different kinds; some used in war, others in the chase, others for amusement. One variety can be hurled so as to turn while in the air and come back almost to the place whence it was thrown. In throwing the weapon is grasped by one end, and after a short run hurled straight in front. It then takes a horizontal position and revolves rapidly as it moves obliquely upward into the air. After a time it curves around, and, if he so intends, comes back close to the thrower. It may move for considerable distance horizontally at only a few feet above the ground, and then suddenly rise vertically upward with great velocity. The peculiarly irregular character of its path through the air, and the rapid change in its direction of movement, render it a quite efficient weapon for killing birds. The Australian natives often throw the boomerang in such a way as to cause it to strike the ground about thirty feet off; this is said to impart increased velocity, and the weapon may even hit the ground a second time and rebound into the air. The war boomerang is larger and heavier than that used in hunting.

Battle of San Mateo.

Editor Question Bureau: Please give an account of the battle of San Mateo, in which General Henry W. Lawton was killed.—B. T., Carrollton, Ga.

General Lawton was killed on the morning of the 19th of December, 1897. He left Manila to lead an expedition through Mariquina valley, which had been an insurgent stronghold throughout the year. The night on which he left was one of the worst of the season. A terrific rain was falling. Accompanied by his staff and Troop I, Fourth cavalry, General Lawton set out at 5 o'clock in advance of the main force, consisting of the Eleventh cavalry and one battalion each of the Twentieth and Twenty-seventh infantry, which started from La Loma at midnight. With small escort he led the way through an almost pathless country, a distance of 15 miles over hills and through canebrake and deep mud, the horses climbing the rocks and sliding down the hills. Before daybreak the command had reached the head of the valley. San Mateo was attacked at 8 o'clock, and a three hours' fight ensued. This resulted in but few casualties on the American side, but the attack was difficult because of the natural defenses of the town. General Lawton was walking along the firing line within 300 yards of a small sharpshooters' trench, conspicuous in the big white helmet he always wore and a light yellow raincoat. The sharpshooters directed several close shots which clipped the grass nearby. His staff officers called the general's attention to the danger he was in, but he only laughed. Suddenly he exclaimed, "I am shot!" clenched his hands in an effort to stand erect, and fell into the arms of a staff officer. Almost at the same moment the cheers of the American troops rushing into San Mateo were mingling with the rifle volleys. After three hours' shooting the Filipinos were dispersed into the mountains.

The Horse in America.

Editor Question Bureau: Was the horse a native of this continent before the discovery and settlement by the white people?—P. G., Clarkson, O.

No. When the Spaniards first explored the New World they found no horses. The Indians were quite unfamiliar with them, and at first regarded the strange animal which the newcomer rode with wonder and terror.

The Clearing House.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you please give the real meaning of clearing-house, its purpose, etc.?—R. M. M., Wichita Falls, Tex.

The clearing-house is an institution for balancing daily the mutual obligations of a number of banks in a single city, with the least possible transfer of actual cash from debtor to creditor banks. At a central office the various accounts are canceled against each other on the blanks of the clearing-house, which is then made the one debtor and creditor of all, and each settles the day's transactions by giving or receiving in a single payment the balance due.

Cathedral of St. Mark .

Editor Question Bureau: Will you please tell me as much as you can about Saint Mark's cathedral, of Venice?—N. W., Grand Ledge, Mich.

The great church of Venice is the cathedral of Saint Mark. It is located on the square of the same name. It was begun in 830 and rebuilt after a fire in 976. It was elaborately decorated and transformed into a Byzantine building in the succeeding two or three centuries, and in the 15th century Gothic elements were added. In its present form it is a Greek cross surmounted by a dome at the end of each arm and one in the center, and it contains about 500 columns, mostly in Oriental style, with richly ornamented capitals. The interior is adorned with a great profusion of splendid mosaics and also by other artistic productions of great beauty, such as the bronze monument of Cardinal Zeno and the Pala d'Oro, an altar-piece exquisitely worked with jewels on plates of gold and silver. Near the cathedral stood till its fall in 1902 the square Campanile, or bell-tower, 322 feet in height, with five bronze statues and gates, and here is the clock-tower, with two bronze giants for striking the hours. The Campanile is being, or has been rebuilt.

The Largest Steamship.

Editor Question Bureau: To decide a dispute, please state which is the largest steamship ever built, and give length and width of same.—G. C. G., Duncan's Falls, Ohio.

We think the Mauretania, sister ship of the new Lusitania, is the largest ship ever built. Somewhat larger than the Lusitania, the Mauretania is 790 feet long, 88 feet in breadth and her tonnage 45,000. For many years the Great Eastern held the record of being the largest ship in the world, being 680 feet long, 83 feet beam, 60 feet deep, and of 22,927 tons burden. The Great Eastern was built in 1857. She was purchased by the British government and sent to Gibraltar, where she served as a coal hulk.

Postal Savings Banks.

Editor Question Bureau: Please explain the postal savings banks. Should they be established in the United States where would the savings be paid?—M. C. S., Equality, Ill.

The money would be paid into the postoffices, through the money order department, very likely, depending upon the provisions of the law providing for this service. The postal savings banks of Great Britain are connected with the money order department. There any sum not less than 25 cents is received, so as not to exceed $150 in one year, or more than $750 in all; and when the principal amounts to $1,000 the payment of interest is to cease. For the deposits the government is responsible, and they may be withdrawn from any postoffice savings bank in the kingdom. These savings banks are numerous and are established so as to be in every way convenient, and have become a great success.

The Panic and Labor.

Editor Question Bureau: Has the money stringency caused any decrease in the wages of the common laborers of Ohio? Has it, or is it likely to result in stopping any of the public works of that state?—A. J. H., Brady, N. C.

The Bureau knows of no case where the money panic has resulted in the decrease of the wages of common laborers. Neither have there been any suspensions of public work as a result of the scarcity of currency. Whatever danger might have threatened is passed now, for the worst is over, and the situation is fast assuming a normal state as the results of relief and the consequent restoration of public confidence.

The Weekly Blade.

Editor Question Bureau: For many years The Weekly Blade has been a visitor in my home, and I knew it in my father's home. It has always been clean and moral, as well as helpful and instructive, and has long been the leading family newspaper. It seems to me that a history of The Weekly Blade would be interesting to all those who have been reading it for many years. Please, at some convenient time, devote the entire space or the Question Bureau to a sketch of The Weekly Blade.—S. A. H. Lawrence, Kansas.

The Weekly Blade was founded in 1836, but its history as a great national newspaper dates from a later period. What struggles and successes it may have had prior to 1865 would not be of general interest, for the reason that it had not attained a prominence, outside of its local field, beyond that of the average weekly newspaper of the time.

David Ross Locke (Petroleum V. Nasby) came to The Blade in 1861. He had already attained during the Civil war, a wide reputation through the medium of the Nasby letters. His first connection with The Blade was that of an employe; later he obtained a proprietary interest, and eventually became sole owner of the property. The satirical Nasby letters were popular throughout the country, their popularity brought circulation, and The Blade soon became a weekly visitor in more than a hundred thousand homes. But Mr. Locke was more than a satirist and humorist; he was a capable and far-sighted business man. It was his ambition to build up a great national weekly newspaper. He would have it accomplish more than make the readers laugh. It must give the important news of the world for the week; it must interest, entertain and instruct—characteristics that would insure it a welcome from every member of every family. He would have welcomed by the faraway, lonely miner, the woodman hidden in the depths of the forest, the pioneer out on the frontier of civilization, and the people of the towns and villages. Above all, the weekly newspaper David Ross Locke had in mind must be truthful, helpful, and clean and wholesome throughout. Along these lines The Weekly Blade was built up, and the success it has met with is a vindication of the judgment of the man who outlined its policies.

The versatile pen of Nasby was laid aside for the last time nearly twenty years ago, but The Blade is still read every week in a hundred and seventy-five thousand homes; it is a living monument to the genius of him who first gave it widespread popularity. It has been a rule of the office to keep close to early established policies, and even the general appearance of the paper, so far as consistent with mechanical changes and improvements, has been maintained. All well-established principles in the general conduct of the paper have been closely followed. The result is gratifying. The Weekly Blade aims to keep in close touch with its vast and widely scattered army of readers. Letters from patrons, containing suggestions, are always welcome. In the hundreds of letters received from week to week there are few that do not contain kindly suggestions or words of encouragement. These have been helpful in maintaining the standard of the paper.

Altogether the history of The Weekly Blade is unique. Its circulation is more general than that of any other newspaper in the country. No corner of the country is too remote for it to reach. Other weekly newspapers have boasted of as great a circulation, but theirs has been kept within certain prescribed bounds. The Weekly Blade recognizes no state boundaries; its field is the entire United States. Other weekly newspapers, to meet imaginary changed conditions, have undertaken so-called modern improvements. They have lost their identity and fallen by the wayside. The Weekly Blade goes on forever, aiming to be what its publishers proclaim it—the greatest national weekly newspaper in the United States.

To give a detailed history of The Weekly Blade would be out of the question, so far as the Bureau is concerned. The history of a newspaper of the character of The Blade must of necessity be closely identified with the history of the country, and to give the details of one without going largely into the other would not be an easy thing to do in space that is necessarily limited.

Miscellaneous.

A. S., Rockford, O.: A separate acknowledgment to a deed by the wife is required by the law of Texas.

M. P., Chesaning, Mich.: John Burroughs' birthday is April 3. His address is West Park, New York.

E. A. Y., Jeffersonville, Ind.: The Bureau cannot tell you if the association you inquire about is all right or not. We have no means of knowing. The Bureau does not make the matter of running down frauds a business There are too many of them.

A. M., Wevertown, N. Y.: The pure food law is national. Information may be obtained by writing to Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, pure food commissioner, Washington, D. C.

P. A. S., Albion, Mich.: You will have to go to a bookseller to get Will Carleton's complete works.

J. W., Mt. Vernon, O.: We would advise you to write to the United States department of agriculture for information you want.

L. E. K., Petrolia, Cal.: We cannot help you in tracing your ancestors.

E. C. H., Radnor, O.: If Lancaster county, Pa., is the "richest county in the United States," we never heard of it; and if we had we wouldn't believe it.

H. A. L., Staunton, Va.: The Bureau cannot give a recipe for putting a gloss on dressed stone. If any of our readers can, we would be pleased to publish their recipe.

COMPARATIVE EXPENSE.

"You traded your automobile for a Jersey cow, did you? Doesn't the cow cost you a good deal for feed?"

"Yes, but she doesn't cost me anything for repairs."—Chicago Tribune.

That Old Thanksgiving Day

ELIZABETH AYRES.

"But don't you think it's too young and frivolous looking for me to wear?" Margaret objected, secretly longing for a denial of her question.

Too young for you? Why, Margaret! Look in the glass, you'll find the answer there," her husband returned.

"Now, John," said Margaret, with pleased expostulation.

They were discussing a little gold brooch, fashioned in the shape of a wishbone, and set with a diamond. It lay in its satin-lined case, a shining, sparkling trinket, that for Margaret and John held the sentimental significance of an anniversary gift. Though they were what are called old people, they were untouched by the infirmities and disfigurements of age. They were a stately, handsome couple, who had walked side by side through nearly half a century of life together. There had been some wintry weather, and they had shared the common lot of sunshine and shadow, but now they had reached a time when storm and stress were over, and they were anchored in a calm harbor.

For them, Thanksgiving was a cherished memory day. It was then they had become engaged to marry each other, at an old-time Thanksgiving party, "back east," where both were born. They left their New England home immediately after their marriage, to seek their fortune in what was then the new country of the middle west.

They had seen a thriving city grow from the crude village in which they settled. Their fortunes had prospered with the growth of the town, where they had lived to be numbered with its old families. Their children were married and there were grandchildren to keep alive the blithesomeness of youth in the family. John and Margaret had always been happy together, and the secret of their happiness was their abiding love. Thanksgiving was their festival day. It was the holiday which stood out on the calendar as the day of days, and, as they advanced in years, they cherished it with increasing fondness.

It was the evening before Thanksgiving that John put in his wife's hand the wishbone brooch, and then waited like a boy, to see her open the case and to hear her expressions of pleasure. In the room they used most, the room which in every united household is the heart of the home, they kept a wood fire burning on the hearth, whenever there was the least excuse for a fire. It was here that John gave to Margaret the anniversary gift, and, with their chairs drawn side by side in front of the glowing grate, they turned the leaves of the book of life, back to the chapter which was, to them, the beginning.

It was unnecessary to explain their thoughts. Each knew of what the other was thinking, and of what the little gold wishbone was a symbol.

"Do you remember the song the others sang when you and I pulled the wishbone at Thanksgiving dinner? It was fifty years ago," John said, "but it is as clear to me now as though it were but yesterday."

They moved their chairs closer together and smiled in each other's faces. John laid his arm across his wife's shoulder. Their eyes sought the fire, to watch the pictures their fancies painted in its ruddy flare.

"How shy I was of touching your fingers when we stretched the bone," John went on. "The big part went to you, and I held the sliver. And the song the others sang, just because they knew we were courting—I've thought of it all day. Do you remember the words, Margaret?"

"Though you wish for health and wish for wealth,
And wish for honor and fame,
Wish most for a heart, as the bone does part,
That will love you forever the same.'"

Margaret repeated the verse in a soft, clear voice, while John nodded his head, keeping time with the rhythm of the lines.

"Yes, that's it," he said, with a sigh of satisfaction.

"Those were plain times, but they were good times, and when the dinner was over do you remember how we danced in the barn where the threshing floor was cleared for a ball room, and the orchestra was old Uncle Jerry, with his fiddle under his chin? And you were there, keeping close to the girls, with your eyes as bright and your cheeks as pink as when we snapped the bone. I wondered if you knew how my heart was filled with you. I was afraid to have you find it out, and yet I wanted you to know."

"I knew, dear, I knew. You were too timid to speak, but your eyes told me what you didn't say," Margaret murmured.

They had gone over the story time and time again, but it never lost its freshness, and now, with the anniversary of its happening marked by fifty years it seemed more dear than ever.

"And your eyes told me as plain as day 'I love you,'" said John, continuing his recollections. "They made me dare touch your hand and whisper, 'Margaret, will you dance with me?'"

"And in the dance," Margaret interrupted, "I felt your arm around my waist, and I wanted to run away, though I loved to have it there."

"And I," John confessed, "felt you yielding, and my heart grew bolder and bolder as you smiled and swayed toward me."

They had reached the point in the tale where Margaret always blushed, and her face took on a rosy flush that, for a moment, gave it the semblance of her youth.

John noticed it. "You look just as you did then," he said, admiringly.

"And in the dusk—" Margaret prompted, shyly.

"And in the dusk I dared to kiss your brow, and when you raised your eyes, though you tried to look surprised and grave, what I saw in their depths gave me courage to bend and kiss your lips, and then I knew our love was deep and strong. I thanked kind fate that gave you to me on that old Thanksgiving day."

The picture they were seeing in the fire just then, charmed them both into smiling dreamily, until Margaret's voice interrupted the stillness.

"And then," she suggested.

"And then," echoed John, "I begged imploringly, 'Oh, Margaret, won't you marry me?'"

"And then," Margaret whispered.

"And then," answered John, "we took a pledge that has spanned the days since that old time till now."

"And the little verse that always comes in here, say it John," reminded Margaret.

"Old times, blest times, love them, dear, we must,
But newer times are blooming in the placid field of trust.
And newer times are gracious, when love does not decay;
Thank God we live to thank Him on this new Thanksgiving day."

He said these lines very fervently and earnestly, and made Margaret's eyes bright with the light of happiness.

Another silent time came to them. They did not speak for a few moments, but sat contentedly, hand in hand, seeing the pictures in the glowing embers. Then Margaret took the wishbone brooch from its case. She held up the anniversary token to see the glisten of its gold and the flash of its diamond, and, swaying it gently to and fro, she repeated, softly:

"Though you wish for health and wish for wealth,
And wish for honor and fame,
Wish most for a heart, as the bone does part,
That will love you forever the same."

PROVERBS ABOUT WOMEN.

A writer in the Paris Gaulois has been making a selection of proverbs from the literatures of various countries to illustrate the qualities of woman. On the whole the selections are far from complimentary.

Take, for instance, the Spanish maxims. One of the least offensive is, "Women and mules obey better when caressed than coerced." Another is, "The man wins much who loses his wife." Here are a few more:

"Man is tow; woman is fire, and the devil blows the bellows."

The proverbs of the Arabs place a very low value on women. Here are some samples:

"Always consult your wife, but do as you please."

"When you want to get square with a man, give him a handsome wife; when you want revenge on a woman, give her a handsome husband."

Next comes the cynical Chinaman with a cutting maxim:

"The tongue of a woman is a dagger, and she never lets it grow rusty. The spirit of a woman is of quicksilver, and her heart is of wax."

The Persian says:

"When you go to war, say a prayer; when you go to sea, say two prayers; when you get married, pray all the time."

The gallant French are among the most brutal in their folk sayings about women:

"Man can rely on the fidelity of his dog to the last breath; of a woman to the next temptation."

"He who believes his wife deceives himself. He who doubts her is deceived all the same."

"Man has two good days in his life; the one on which he takes and the one on which he loses a wife."

THE YELLOW PRESS.

Lord Northcliffe, the famous English editor, recently settled for $250,000 a libel suit brought against his newspapers by the Level soap firm. Lord Northcliffe often visits America, and he admits that many of his best journalistic ideas are the fruit of these visits.

"At the same time," said a New York editor the other day, "Lord Northcliffe is a severe critic of the American press. One of his strictures is about our padding. He says that when something striking in the news way turns up, we invariably print columns and columns about it, page after page, day after day, though in reality half the time we may have enough facts for only ten or twenty lines.

"At the Press club, on Nassau street, he told me one night a story on this head. He said that a reporter came wearily into the office and approached the city editor's desk with a disconsolate air.

"'Well,' said the city editor, eagerly, 'what did you find out about Senator Blank's alleged divorce?'

"'Nothing,' said the reporter.

"'No facts whatever?'

"'Not a single fact.'

"'Denied everywhere?'

"'Everywhere.'

"'Senator deny it?'

"'Yes.'

"'Wife, too?'

"'Yes.'

"'And no rumors?'

"'Not a blessed rumor.'

"The city editor sighed.

"'Well,' he said, sadly, 'keep the story down, in that case, to three and a half columns.'"

GEORGIA DANCE SONG.

'Possum on de griddle.
New string fer de fiddle,
Don't you stop an' talk ter me
Bout dis yer life a riddle!

Here comes Mister Rabbit
In his ol' time habit,
Chillun, ef you see his tail,
Reach out an' grab it!

Blacksnake crawl ter river,
Fish done lef' de river;
Stay ter home, an' warm yo' hands.
Or take de road an' shiver!

—Atlanta Constitution.

IN CARROLL'S CLOTHES.

There's Binks, he is wearing the "mantle of Scott,"—
His publishers so advertise.
I really can't say if it's truthful or not,
I haven't had time to get wise.
I fancy, however, it isn't quite so,
Tho' Binsky is walking on stilts,
For Scott never sported a mantle, altho'
He frequently went out in kilts.

There's others who're wearing the left-over duds
Of Byron and Shelley and Lamb.
I dare say there's some one who's wearing the studs
Of old Mr. Omar Khayyam.
The collar of Dickens is one fellow's lot;
Another the rubbers of Poe;
And G. Harding Wiggles is said to have got
The pot-hat of Daniel Defoe.

For me I care not for illustrious gowns.
I want no one's mantle in mine.
A second-hand garment will fill me with frowns—
Such offers I'll ever decline;
And if it so happens I take to the pen,
Like certain mechanics I've known,
I hope at the last, when I come to "say when,"
They'll find that my clothes were my own.

—John Kendrick Bangs, in Harper's for November.

HISTORY OF THE UMBRELLA

With the seasons upside down as they are at present, people are beginning to realize the absolute necessity of never stirring out of doors without an umbrella. If social history is to be trusted, the first Englishman to carry an umbrella was one Hanway, who lived at the end of the eighteenth century. At first he was regarded as an eccentric individual, but by degrees many discovered much method in his madness, and before he died, in 1786, the fashion he set was adopted by society in general. Of course, Hanway was not the originator of the umbrella. Among the Greeks and Romans some such article was very common, though oddly enough it was regarded as a purely feminine appanage, and one which men might never condescend to adopt. But all over the east the umbrella has for generations been well known as an insignia of power and royalty. Thus, on the sculptured remains of Egyptian temples one sees representations of kings going in procession with umbrellas carried over their heads. Even in India today some of the great maharajahs still call themselves "Lords of the Umbrella," and in an address presented by the king of Burmah to the viceroy of India in 1855, the British representative is described as the "monarch who reigns over the great umbrella wearing chiefs of the east." One has only to walk through the streets of any Indian town today to see how important a social distinction the umbrella has become. For a native to go without an umbrella in the streets of Calcutta, for instance, is practically a mark of degradation.—London Globe

HAS DONE ENOUGH.

In a western Kentucky town Ben Watson had saved the life of Myra Underhill. Miss Underhill had been overturned in a creek with a swift current, and the act of young Watson was a very heroic one. He had saved the life of the girl after she was sinking for the third time, and had barely strength to pull himself and the young woman to shallow water.

The news soon spread, and Ben Watson was hailed as the real, live hero of the village.

Aunt Tabby Wilson, the oldest woman in the village, the mother of the little colony, was loud in praise of the heroism of the young man, and at once declared that Ben and Myra must get married. "Ben saved Myry's life," she said, "and now they must marry and be happy ever afterward, just as they do it in the story books."

But Ben demurred; the arrangement did not suit him, says Harper's Weekly.

"Why not marry Myry, Ben?" said the old lady. "She is yours, and we must have a wedding."

"She is a nice girl, all right," replied Ben, "but I don't think we oughter marry. Seems to me," he went on, "I have done enough for Myry."

LOSS ON POSTAGE STAMPS

The postoffice profits slightly by the destruction of stamps which have been paid for, and the treasury gets the benefit of stamps which are lost and never found. A large source of irregular profit lies in the failure of bondholders to present their bonds for redemption. Unclaimed money in the treasury due to bondholders amounted to nearly a million dollars in 1861, and the sum is much greater now. Of a loan made in 1904, $100,000,000 of $22,000 remains unclaimed. Nearly $100,000 are still unpaid of the 5 per cent bonds which were due in 1904. This year over $100,000,000 34-year 4 per cent bonds came due on July. Special inducements were offered to secure early redemption. Yet at the end of the year $13,000,000 still stood in the treasury on this account, although interest has ceased.—The Youth's Companion.

STRAY BITS OF HISTORY.

What is commonly meant by "reading the riot act" is better known than the origin of the phrase. The historical riot act was passed by the British parliament in the reign of George I., in 1714. It enacts that felony is committed when twelve or more persons unlawfully, riotously and tumultuously assemble together, to the disturbance of the public peace, so to continue together for an hour after being commanded to disperse by the sheriff or under sheriff, or a justice or the mayor of the borough. In the "reading" of the British riot act—as in Belfast the other day—which is a necessary preliminary to its being put into operation, it is not customary to recite the whole of the statute, which is rather a long one, but only of the following proclamation, which it contains: "Our sovereign lord the king chargeth and commandeth all persons being assembled immediately to disperse themselves, and peaceably to depart to their habitations, or to their lawful business, upon the pains contained in this act made in the first year of King George for preventing tumults and riotous assemblies. God save the king."

One of the earliest and most confident attempts to establish a universal language on the lines of the modern Esperanto was that of Sir Thomas Urquhart, who in 1653 issued his "introduction to a universal language which for variety of diction in each part of speech surmounteth all the languages of the world." An expectant public were bidden to look out for subsequent volumes, but they never arrived. Bishop Wilkins, who flourished about the same period, had his own ideas about a universal language, but they did not materialize. He was an optimist of the first degree, and was firmly convinced that it would be possible to communicate with the moon, by means of flying machines.

ALL ELSE IN PROPORTION

There was once a dear old gentleman who had no memory worth mentioning. He rarely knew what his own name was until he had consulted the corner of his pocket handkerchief.

In the street he met a beautiful woman. She had swollen eyes and a good deal of crepe. He remembered who she was, and that was a proud moment for him. So he saluted her. "And how is your husband?" he asked.

"He is dead," sobbed the poor woman.

"Sorry," said the old gentleman, and went his way.

A month later he met her again.

"And how is your husband?" he asked eagerly.

"You have forgotten," she said severely. "He is dead."

"Sorry," said the old gentleman, and went his way.

A month later he met the woman again, and chatted cheerfully with her about the weather.

"By the way," he added, "and how is your husband?"

"He's still dead," she said.

This impressed him. The woman became associated in his mind with one idea. A month later he ran after her in the street to ask her eagerly how her husband was.

"Quite well, thank you," said the woman beaming. "We're just back from the honeymoon."

Moral—Love is stronger than death. But death lasts the longest.—B. P. in Tatler.

HAYNER WHISKEY
BOTTLED IN BOND

THE STAMP OF THE U.S. GOVERNMENT

The choicest whiskey you could select for your own use and for medicinal purposes—rich in quality—mellow with age—delicious in flavor and aroma. We ship

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PURE. Like all Hayner Whiskies it is made in strict conformity with the United States Pure Food Law—and is guaranteed pure as shown by our sworn affidavit filed with the Secretary of Agriculture at Washington—Serial No. 1401.

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We are one of the largest distillers in America, and the ONLY ones who have their own whiskey bottled in bond and sell their entire product DIRECT TO THE CONSUMER. By buying direct from us, you save all the dealers' and middlemen's profits—and get this highest grade, absolutely pure, Bottled-in-Bond Whiskey laid down at your express office at a much lower price than dealers charge you for inferior, watered goods.

Send us your order on our guarantee that you will like it

OUR OFFER We will send to you, in plain sealed case, with no marks to show contents, FOUR FULL QUART BOTTLES OF HAYNER PRIVATE STOCK "BOTTLED-IN-BOND" WHISKEY FOR $3.20—and we will pay the express charges. When it arrives, take it home and sample it and have your friends test it too, every bottle if you wish. Then if you don't find it just as we say and perfectly satisfactory, ship it back to us at our expense and your $3.20 will be promptly refunded. YOU don't risk a cent. The expense is ALL ours if you are not ENTIRELY pleased with the goods.

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BABY CALLED HIM "PAPA."

A young man and woman were seated together in the waiting room at the Union depot the other night. They had never met before, but were getting along famously when a little child about 3 years old emerged from the crowd. At first the child looked lost and bewildered, but seeing the young man, her face brightened. She ran toward him, threw herself in his lap and called him "Papa." The young woman grew indignant.

"You told me you were not——"

"But I insist I never saw this child before," the young man interrupted.

"You need not tell me," said the young woman, with all the dignity and hauteur possible. "You are just a common masher. I thought I liked you and that you would be pleasant company on my trip, but I hate you, so now."

It was useless for the young man to attempt to further explain. The child had her arms around his neck and was calling him "Papa."

"I guess I will take this child to the information bureau," the young man announced for the benefit of the young woman.

"No, that story don't go here," said Pi Howell, the "ask me" man. "That kid is probably yours, and I have all the kids I want. You cannot leave the child with me."

While the argument was waxing warm a woman rushed frantically to the information window.

"I have lost my baby," she shouted. Then seeing the child in the arms of a strange man, she snatched it to her.

"I found papa," the child said.

Then the woman took the second look at the embarrassed young man.

"Well, you do look something like my husband," she said. "You see, my husband is a traveling man, and it has been a long time since 'Baby' saw him. I left her in seat a few minutes ago, and when I returned she was gone. She mistook you for my husband."

"Say, there is a young woman—a very angry young woman here in the depot that I want you to explain this affair to," the man said. But the young woman could not be found.—Kansas City Journal.

TEA AS A BEAUTY DRINK.

Tea, the English say, is the best of all complexion preservatives. As a beauty drink it should be taken very weak, not too hot, and in doses of two or three cups at a sitting. It needs nothing at all with it.

The tearoom girl in London is a wonderful creature; you see many of her, and her complexion is like the rose.

The tearoom girl as seen in the country is decidedly pretty. She is learning how to drink tea and she is using the cosy little tearoom as a club and parlor.

To be a tearoom girl is to be a girl of fads. Her mottoes are these:

Don't take your tea too hot.

Don't take your tea iced.

Don't take your tea at a regular hour every day as though it was a meal if you want the English complexion.

Take a certain quantity; the English rule of two cups is good, but three will do no harm if the cups are small and you are very tired.

Sip your tea, or, as the vegetarians say, "eat" it. Don't swallow it whole or in great gulps; it must be masticated if it is going to do your system good.

Make your tea a pale amber in color, the paler the better.

Take cream with your tea if you are very tired; otherwise take lemon with it. Lemon and tea act as a great complexion clearer. A clove steadies the nerves.

HIS NAME FOR IT.

I was once teachnig a class of small pupils in physiology in a rural school and asked the class what name was given to the bones of the head as a whole. A little girl raised her hand.

"What is it, Lucy?" I asked.

"Skull," she answered.

"Correct," said I. "But what other name has it?" expecting some one to answer "cranium." All were silent for a while, then a little fellow who seemed to be in deep study quickly raised his hand, his eyes sparkling, and a confident smile spreading over his face.

"What is it, Henry?" I asked.

"Noggin," was his immediate reply.—Judge's Library.

A GOOD SIGN.

"J. N. Barr, the director-general of the Jamestown Exposition," said a railroad man, "used to be president of the Seaboard Air Line. He was most successful. I remember once a little speech he made at a railroad dinner, a speech wherein he showed us how the successful man turns to advantage even his disadvantages.

"Thus, he said, a drygoods dealer came to a little country town and opened a store across the way from the local shop that had been established time immemorial.

"The local man had not been a hustler in the past, but now he woke up. He put out a large, new sign that said: '

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1907.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wideawake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address
THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

Circulation Last Week 175,000

Parents should teach their boys when to say "no" and their girls when to say "yes."

If we were a girl we would rather have our profile on a $10 gold coin than marry a count.

Should President Roosevelt consent to run again he might be accused of stealing another Bryan idea.

Love is always the same old story, as will be seen by the love letters that get into court now and then.

For the friends and promoters of the Drink Devil there is no longer any hope of balm in Alabama.

Maine reports a crop of 1,000,000 barrels of apples. And Maine isn't in the Ben Davis belt either.

Since she has become a life member of the W. C. T. U. the country will expect Carrie Nation to be good.

President Roosevelt may yet have to use his strongest epithet, "By George," on the third-term boomers.

We may as well make up our minds to like that familiar newspaper headline, "Bryan Talks." It has come to stay.

Evidently it isn't unconstitutional for a member of the United States supreme court to find fault with the President.

Incidentally it may be stated that it isn't any recent political happening in Ohio that is hurrying Secretary Taft homeward.

Those government bonds are coming along just in time to solve the problem of what to give your dear friend for Christmas.

The Topeka Journal knows a woman "who will fuss when she gets to heaven because she can't get a halo trimmed to suit her."

Can a farmer who sells preserved eggs with the statement that they are fresh laid be a Christian and have hope of a glorious hereafter?

Mr. Bryan called at the White House Saturday. He does not say whether he likes the looks of the place as well as he did in 1896 and 1900.

General Grosvenor, it is said, wants to return to congress. Yet congress has scarcely had a chance to show how well it can get along without him.

Up to the present time the czar has had every reason to believe that his new duma is going to remain as tame and tractable as a Teddy bear.

Aunt Carrie Nation announces that she will kiss no man who uses tobacco. Men who neither chew nor smoke should govern themselves accordingly.

Things begin to look a little brighter for Caleb Powers. There is a possibility that a few Republicans may get on the jury that is to hear his case.

Because Mme. Anna Gould denies the report that she is negotiating for another husband, it need not be thought that she hasn't enough money left to buy one.

Mr. Rockefeller is pleased at the thought of being regarded as a patriot. No doubt he finds it a blessed thought that a man doesn't have to be poor to be patriotic.

Persons who don't know the particulars, may get the idea that the flying finish of Mr. Taft's trip abroad may be for the purpose of reducing his weight.

About the best the school teachers can offer young Democratic boys, to inspire them to diligent study, is the suggestion that they may some day be mentioned for president.

An Indiana man drew his money from the bank and hid it in a hog pen, and the hogs chewed it up. He will know better the next time there is a panic.

Men who have tried to drink all the liquor manufactured, and met with humiliating failure, should be among the first to hold out a glad hand to the temperance wave.

A Chicago business man has retired, satisfied, with a fortune of $1,000,000. Common sense must have taught him that the Lord didn't expect him to pose as the trustee of all the small change in the country.

Dr. Wiley, the government's chemical expert, declares that the strawberry jam of commerce is made of glucose, hayseed and coal tar. The hayseed, of course, gives it the genuine strawberry jam grit.

The man in town thinks of some day moving to a farm, and the farmer's ambition is to live in town. Yet these men rarely exchange places. It is simply a manifestation of unrest that doesn't do much harm.

Now a London physician comes forward with the statement that kissing is bad for the teeth. The physicians are gradually working up to the point of declaring that corns and bunions are caused by promiscuous osculation.

Fame doesn't come to many as it has come to Mary Cunningham, the girl who gets her profile on the new gold coins. Long after she is married and, perchance, becomes the mother of an interesting family, she will still be Mary Cunningham on the coins, as bright and pretty as ever.

CONCERNING OUR RESOURCES.

President Roosevelt has called a meeting of the governors of the states next spring for a conference on the problem of what can be done to conserve the natural resources of the country. The conference is timely and the problem is one which has already received no little attention on the part of the thinking people of the country.

For years we have been wont to boast of the great natural resources of the United States. To these great agencies we proudly attribute our greatness and our wealth. We have prided ourselves on our timber, coal, grazing lands and mineral deposits, and this wealth has been wasted in a manner which would make the "prodigal son" appear like a miser.

It is true these natural resources have been at the foundation of a national prosperity greater than the world has ever known. But we have reached the point where care and conservatism need to be exercised. To continue as we have begun and as we are now doing means national disaster, the senseless waste of the very forces which have done so much to make us great.

Northwestern Ohio had an example of this prodigality a few years ago when her gas fields were opened up. The people went on the theory that the supply of natural gas in these fields could never be exhausted. It was wasted as ruthlessly as the foolish young man dissipates his patrimony. Today everybody wishes that resource had been conserved.

The same is true of our timber supply. Extensive forests were slashed and ruined. It seemed as if there was a conspiracy to see how quickly the supply of timber could be exhausted. It was a case of unregulated despoliation and when too late a warning cry was raised to protect our forests.

President Roosevelt does well to take cognizance of this wholesale waste and to attempt to apply the remedy. He truly says, "the conservation of our natural resources is the most weighty question now before the people of the United States."

It is hoped the conference of governors will pave the way to such action as will properly check this wholesale prodigality.

HYSTERIA AT MOBILE.

Evidently there are citizens living in the city of Mobile, Alabama, who have forgotten a certain incident which occurred in this country forty odd years ago.

The other day the legislature of Alabama was considering a bill prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicants in that state. There was great excitement all over the commonwealth. Mobile was emphatically opposed to the measure. Finally, in an endeavor to influence the legislators a message was sent to the capital threatening that in the event the bill was passed Mobile would secede from the state.

The germ of secession seems to still live although we imagine it is not in the least dangerous. The prohibition bill was made a law and dispatches do not carry the news that Mobile's threat has been made good. A little reflection on the part of those hot-headed citizens and reading up on the history of the south have probably cooled their tempers.

What fools we mortals be!

ANOTHER COURT SPEAKS.

Following the action of the supreme court of New Jersey, which declared that street railway companies should do everything possible to give every patron a seat, comes the Georgia court of appeals, which expresses the opinion that a common carrier does not fulfill its legal duty until it provides a seat for each passenger.

But this is not all. The Georgia tribunal goes on and says that a failure to provide a seat may be a proximate cause of injury.

That means something. It means that the passenger who pays his fare is entitled to a seat. If he does not secure one he is the victim of discrimination. The common carrier which crowds twice as many passengers into a car as there are seats would, under this decision, find it a costly economy, as a few damage suits would take more money than that many extra cars. While the matter is difficult to regulate, the fact remains that common carriers are under obligations to make provisions for the comfort of their patrons, and comfort includes seats for all.

ARE WE FOLLOWING FRANCE?

The Wall Street Journal calls attention to the fact that the United States has followed France in dropping the name of the Deity from its coins as early in the year the minister of finance of France ordered that the phrase "God Protect France" should be omitted. The only comment made on this action was that it showed the trend of the times in that republic towards materialism.

The Wall Street Journal is of the opinion that while we may with profit follow France in certain things, as, for instance, the banking system, we make a mistake in doing so in striking "In God We Trust" from our coins, and suggests we retrace our steps as quickly as possible.

There is more or less sentiment connected with the motto which has been a familiar inscription on the coins of this country since the civil war. If this sentiment is strongly backed by public opinion there is little doubt congress will restore the motto, and it should do so if the people want it. President Roosevelt has given the country his reasons for keeping off the inscription, but he further explains he is not insistent, and if it is desired to restore the motto, he will not stand in the way.

A WORKING COMMISSION.

New York state has a commission which regulates public corporations. This commission does something more than draw its salary. It actually works, and there ore corporations in that state which will so testify. Corporation managers no longer do as they please, but rather what the commission permits them to do.

Two competing electric light and gas companies wanted to consolidate. They asked authority to do so. The commission said it would be all right, as to operate more than one plant would be unnecessary.

But in consolidating there were certain provisions upon which the commissioners insisted. One was that the capitalization of the consolidated concern must not exceed the aggregate capital of the two companies, and the other, that the new concern must not increase its rates unless the commission said it could do so.

The dispatches do not say if the consolidation was effected. Had there been no commission the company would have made all sorts of promises and then, unless it is different from many others, it would have overcapitalized and boosted the price of its products to pay interest on watered stock.

The machinery of that New York commission evidently has teeth in it.

The Blade's Popular Premium

NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS

This Announcement Is of Interest to Subscribers Whose Time Expires Next Month.

The demand of our subscribers for Blade premium curtains will never cease. It is an article useful in every household, and since we give them, and do not sell them, it is a matter of real benefit to subscribers of The Blade. Already have we given nearly 100,000 pairs of these curtains to our subscribers, and in arranging for this season's supply, which will be larger than ever, we find the cost of manufacturing increased fully twenty-five per cent. Notwithstanding this we shall continue to give them more freely than ever. We have these curtains made especially for our purposes—all of them being exactly the same pattern, so that subscribers getting pairs at intervals will always find them to match. Each curtain is 30 inches wide by 2½ yards long, and we always send two curtains (or one pair) postpaid by mail to each person awarded. The retail price of these curtains in local stores would be from $1.00 to $1.50 per pair.

How to Obtain the Premium.

On the first day of each month we shall mail notice to every subscriber whose time expires during that month, giving choice of several propositions for renewal. All who send us a club of ten or more subscribers according to proposition number 3 will receive one pair or two pairs of these curtains postpaid by mail. By December 1st many whose subscriptions expire during December should have our propositions. If not received by December 4, drop us a postal and we will promptly mail a duplicate. We shall be disappointed if each subscriber does not renew under one of our propositions, as The Blade is the cheapest and best weekly newspaper in the world, and will be the most popular paper printed during the coming presidential campaign. While all should renew under one of our propositions, we shall be prepared for the majority to send us clubs of ten or more, and avail themselves of our curtain propositions. It will be noticed that we do not now make this proposition a general one to all of our subscribers at the same time. It would be impossible to serve all at once. One mill could not manufacture and supply us, except by regular monthly shipments, which enable us to take care each month of those subscribers whose time expires dur...g the current month.

We now make this offer to December subscribers only, and thirty days later the January people will have their turn and so on in order of expirations. In this way we will be able to take care of orders with regularity, and all our subscribers will be served in due time during their expiration month. Remember, unless you accept one of our December propositions by January 1st, you will never have the opportunity again, because beginning with that date we shall deal with January subscribers only. In the meantime, if you do not renew, your name would be dropped from our list, and your address would be lost to us. We hope to have a renewal of all of our December names and a large number of new ones as well.

THE PEACE STATESMAN.

Secretary Taft is a man of peace. When he becomes president he will be the greatest factor in the movement for universal amity between nations. Wherever he goes he radiates good feeling. Jingoists have grown black in the face predicting war between the United States and Japan. Taft visits the land of the mikado and within a few days the clouds of misunderstanding are dissipated and there is no longer any talk of war. He visited the Philippines, where he found unrest and distrust. Beloved by the little brown men as is no other American, Mr. Taft has been able to send back to this country assurances that everything is serene and everybody happy. Mr. Taft is the apostle of peace, even though he is secretary of war. He is fair, reasonable and diplomatic, and he wins his point. He is today the world's greatest peacemaker.

AIKIN LAW UPHELD.

The supreme court of Ohio has rendered a decision, all the judges concurring, upholding the validity of the Aikin law which increases the Dow tax to $1,000.

Incidentally, this decision makes valid all the acts of the legislature which were questioned because of the illness of the late Governor Pattison. It was claimed by those who attacked the Aikin law that Governor Pattison was too ill to either approve or veto this measure, and as other enactments were similarly passed they were subject to the same question.

However, there was never much doubt on the part of good lawyers but that such laws would stand, as it is the rule not to go behind the records, and these show the Aikin and other laws were approved. The action of the supreme court has affirmed this claim.

TAFT AND FORAKER.

There is no more significance to the endorsement of Senator Foraker for the presidency by the executive and advisary committees of the Ohio League of Republican clubs than there was to the endorsement of Secretary Taft by the members of the state Central Committee.

In neither instance were the men of the committees authorized to speak for the Republicans of the state.

Neither do we believe that the rank and file of the party have any patience with the peanut politics which the pretended friends of the secretary and the senator are attempting to play.

Secretary Taft is a candidate for the presidental nomination, as he has the right, and it is the duty and privilege of his friends and supporters to push his candidacy in every legitimate way. But it is neither good Republicanism nor good politics to attempt the elimination of any Republican who happens to think that some other man should be nominated.

If Senator Foraker desires to become a candidate for the presidential nomination, he has the same right as has Secretary Taft and the senator's friends have the privilege of pushing his claims for the high honor as they have to support him for another term in the senate. But they have not the right to attempt to belittle the efforts of the advocates of Secretary Taft.

The task of eliminating public servants and their political allies simply because they do not happen to agree with certain gentlemen who hold opposite views is a matter for the party to deal with and is not to be solved by a few self-constituted leaders who, as a rule, are acting purely from personal and selfish motives.

So far as Secretary Taft and Senator Foraker are concerned, Ohio has need for both and the Republican party needs the friends of both. If the ambitions of these two men happen to be for the same office, the Republicans of the state, not Mr. Vorys or Senator Dick, will pass judgment and make the choice. If the fool friends of the secretary and senator are to get the Republicans of the state at each others' throats, then the wise and proper thing to do is to eliminate these fool friends before they do the party an irreparable injury.

Secretary Taft and Senator Foraker have added lustre to the political history of Ohio, and to the pages of our national life. The state and country have need of both of them, and it is the height of political nonsense for the followers of either to inveigh one against the other. At the proper time Ohio Republicans will speak and until that time let the senseless talk cease about elimination of public men.

SIMPLICITY OF HUGHES.

The country is watching with increased admiration the public career of Governor Hughes, of New York. There is a man who wears. The movements and tricks of politicans do not concern him. He is governor, and everybody realizes that fact. There are no plays to the galleries. Schemers are afraid of him and let him alone. The legislature of New York state will soon meet. Governor Hughes is warned that an attempt is to be made to organize the house against him. He frankly says it is a matter of no concern to him. In whatever way that body organizes it will not disoganize him. He is governor and is not worrying about who will succeed him.

He is disconcerting t..e politicians, because of his frankness and simplicity. He administers the affairs of the state, but refuses to play politics. Hughes is a great man and a great governor. The country has other governors of like calibre. There is Harris, of Ohio, Hanly, of Indiana, and Folk, of Missouri. These men are too great as governors to be great as politicians.

MR. ASHLEY'S PLAN FOR CURRENCY REFORM.

In 1894 the country was going through a period of financial depression and general unrest. The trouble had started the previous year and to this day men differ as to the causes which led to that panic. But aside from poor crops, industrial stagnation, a lack of money and a lack of work, a tariff law which was undermining both capital and labor—aside from all these was an insistent demand for currency reform.

Congress met in the fall of 1894 and the members as well as the entire country was discussing the currency question. It was a more general topic of consideration at that time than at the present. The greatest minds of the nation were busy in devising ways and means for a currency plan which would solve the problem.

The silver question was being agitated. first as an economic matter and later as a political issue. The lines were then forming for the great struggle of 1896.

When congress convened there were numerous plans offered for currency reform. Almost every statesman had a scheme which was almost instantly picked to pieces as soon as presented. It was then that what was known as "The Toledo plan" was evolved by James M. Ashley. This plan was so simple and so comprehensive that it attracted general attention. The papers discussed it from one end of the country to the other. John Sherman, then in the senate, declared it to be the most practicable scheme presented. Tom Reed gave it his endorsement. The financial publications reviewed the plan at length and commended it. The edition of The Blade in which the paper was first presented was soon exhausted, so great was the demand for it.

The article in which Mr. Ashley evolved his currency plan was, for the most part, a defense of the gold standard of value. The part explaining his currency scheme was tacked to the end of an elaborate argument for sound money. Here is Mr. Ashley's currency reform plan as outlined at that time:

The comptroller of the treasury should be authorized by law to divide the country into suitable and convenient districts, in which the national banks with certain necessary powers legally delegated, should form district clearing houses, duly incorporated by law, each bank being represented therein according to its capital. Each district, in turn, should become a member of the national clearing house, also incorporated by law, with a representation in the management based on the combined banking capital of its district. The powers and duties of both district and national clearing houses to be defined and controlled by law. The national clearing house should have the power to issue circulating bills, which should be issued to the district clearing house, and which should be legal tender so far as national bank notes are now. The amount should be limited to 50 per cent of the capital of district banks, and be distributed by them to the individual banks, which should be primarily responsible for the redemption of the notes; but both the district and national clearing house should be liable in the order named, for their redemption, in gold or silver, at the option of the holder.

These notes should be issued on the deposit of sufficient collateral, as surety for payment, together with 25 per cent of gold or United States notes, with the national clearing house, at the request and on the legal endorsement of the district clearing house, and be subject to a national tax of one per cent. For this service the national clearing house should charge the district clearing house, for interest, a sum not to exceed 3 per cent per annum, and the rates charged by the banks to the public to be regulated by usury laws. This sum, after the expenses of the national and district systems have been paid, should create a reserve for the redemption of the notes until such time as the reserve equals 25 per cent of the outstanding issue, when the annual profits should be distributed to the confederated banks, in proportion to their capital, and the circulation become subject to such national tax as may be deemed expedient.

It is, in effect, our political system applied to our finacial needs. Its logical result would tend to perfect the science of finance.

It might result in the establishment of an international clearing house, the value and economy of which can hardly be estimated.

This was "the Toledo plan."

Not only was it talked about in this country, but it was translated into German and French and had a wide circulation in the countries of Europe. It was generally believed it would take the place of what was known as the Carlisle plan.

Suddenly, in that memorable session of congress, currency reform was sidetracked and the battle was turned to the preservation of the gold standard, and on that issue the fight was made until determined by the voters at the ballot box in the historic presidential campaign of 1896.

Then came better times, and prosperity has ever since prevailed within our borders. Currency reform was practically dropped until now it again becomes the one engrossing subject and will be the greatest proposition before congress when it meets in a couple of weeks.

Mr. Ashley's plan of thirteen years ago is believed to be as strong today as it was in 1894. The author is now on his way to Washington to present it to President Roosevelt and Secretary Cortelyou, and we confidently expect to hear considerable of the Toledo idea in the next few months.

MONEY SCARE ENDED; CONFIDENCE RESTORED.

An incipient money panic, which started without reason and which was caused by some skyscraper financiering in Wall street, has been effectually averted and another period of activity and prosperity assured by the prompt and universally approved action of the administration.

There was absolutely no reason for the money scare. As was pointed out by President Roosevelt, the country is more prosperous than ever before. There is more money with which to do business, provided, as Mr. Roosevelt says, "the people will go ahead with their normal business in a normal way."

The government is in excellent condition. It has all the money it needs, and yet it has been found expedient to issue certificates of indebtedness simply and solely for the purpose of inducing the people to stop hiding their money and putting it into circulation.

This unusual proceeding in a time of unprecedented prosperity will prove as effective as the plan is simple. Already there is a change for the better. Financiers approve the scheme. There is a better tone in all business centers. Prices are firm and advanced. Money is coming out of its hiding places and is going to work. The scare is over and now the people can realize how senseless and useless was the little panic.

The despondency of the past few days is rapidly passing. In its place is confidence, widespread and general. There is an increasing demand for investment securities. Bankers feel better than they have felt for weeks. Students of finance unite in declaring the crisis has passed. Even Europe expresses the greatest confidence in the stability of our prosperity.

A panic at this time would be absurd. The President has pointed out the difference in conditions now and what they were in 1893. Then the treasury contained $151,000,000 in gold. Now it has $904,000,000. Then there was agricultural and industrial depression. Now there is bustling business everywhere, and money is plentiful. Then there was doubt as to the stability of our money standard. Now there is no question on that point. The clouds are passing. It is not too much to say they have passed. No more European gold is needed, and dispatches inform the world that further shipments will not be made. The administration seized upon the psychological moment and the timely bond issue, which should not have been necessary, will cause business to flow as usual in regular channels. The bonds will be taken as quick as issued and the money drawn from circulation will at once get busy in turning the wheels of business.

In a couple of weeks congress will meet and plans are now being formulated which will make another such condition impossible. The present plan of relief will lead to a speedy and lasting cure.

COUNTY LOCAL OPTION.

The Blade believes the legislature this winter should enact a county local option law, and it favors the bill now pending in the senate which was introduced last session by Senator Rose.

Ohio is committed to the policy of local option and taxation in dealing with the liquor traffic. The state has already provided for local option by townships, municipalities and by city districts. It has also levied a tax of $1,000 a year on each and every saloon.

The county is the political unit of the state. There is no question but that the legislature has the same authority to extend local option to counties as it had to confer the privilege on towns and townships. In fact, the courts give the legislature power to deal with the traffic as it sees fit and so far as the law is concerned Ohio can, like Georgia, abolish the saloon entirely by statutory legislation.

Local option is home rule in all its simplicity. By enacting a county law the general assembly would not say that Wood, Fulton or any other county in the state shall drive out the saloons, but it simply refers the whole question to the legal voters of all the counties. If a majority of the voters in any county say the saloon must go that settles it; if a majority vote to keep the saloons then they are retained.

County option has been tried in a number of the states and with satisfaction to everybody except the brewers and saloonkeepers. Not one of the states which enacted such a measure has repealed it.

The cry will go up that Ohio cannot afford to enact a county option law because of the loss of the revenue which will follow its operation. It is true there will probably be a decrease in Dow law receipts but the great state of Ohio is not dependent on the saloons for means to pay its running expenses.

The increase of the Dow tax to $1,000 proved a successful plan for raising money but is less successful as a temperance measure. Were a county law to be passed and were the saloons to be driven out of 80 of the 88 counties in the state, there would yet be more revenue derived from the remaining eight counties than was secured from the entire state when the tax was $350 a year.

While the county which would vote out the saloons would lose its share of the Dow tax, it would more than make up that sum from the decreased cost of court expenses and the care of unfortunates. The saloon breeds crime and criminals. It makes paupers. It fills prisons and asylums. It adds mightily to the expenses of local government. Scores of towns in Ohio which have voted out the saloons are in better financial condition than when they had open saloons. There is more money for the home and for legitimate business enterprises. From a money standpoint, a community is out of pocket every time a saloon opens its doors, regardless of the tax the saloon pays toward the expense of the local government.

The old story that the saloon adds to the prosperity of a town or county has been exploded a thousand times. There is nothing in it. Leaving sentiment and morality out of consideration, the fact remains that from a monetary standpoint the saloon is a bad institution.

There is a widespread demand in Ohio for a county local option law. The people in the country districts are almost a unit for its enactment. The farmers prefer to trade in a town where there are no saloons and they object to help pay taxes thrust upon them by reason of crime and poverty, which are the natural outgrowths of this illegitimate business. These farmers assert that they have the right, along with citizens of the towns in the county to say if saloons shall exist.

The member of the legislature who is in doubt if he should support the Rose bill should bear in mind that by so doing he is not saying that a county shall go dry or remain wet. A vote for the measure means simply that the voters of each county be given the authority to decide this question for themselves. No legislator who believes in home rule can vote against the bill unless he gives his conscience a severe wrench.

Of course all the power and influence of the liquor interests of the state will be exerted to defeat this measure. They realize that the people want it and will use it with terrible effect to the business. This should make the way plain for legislators to give it their support. The members of the general assembly are sent to Columbus to represent the people and not any particular class. They are to give the people what they want and not withhold it on the demand of the brewers and liquor dealers.

Ohio is ready for county option and it expects the legislature this winter will honor its demand for this home rule measure.

ALABAMA PROHIBITS.

After the first of January, 1909, the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor will be a crime in the state of Alabama.

Last week the state senate passed the bill providing for statutory prohibition, and only two votes were cast against it. The house passed the bill several days ago. The senate amended the bill to have the law take effect the first of January, 1909. The house will concur in the amendment, and the brewers and liquor dealers will have a year in which to change business.

Absolute prohibition has come in Alabama with a swift pace. Last spring the legislature enacted a county local option law. Under its provisions elections have been held in many of the counties, and in almost every instance they were voted dry.

This fall, when Jefferson county, which includes the big, bustling city of Birmingham, voted out the saloons and it was noted that the great army of working men in the big industries of the place were arrayed against the saloon, the cry was raised to sweep the traffic from the entire state. Any attempt to check the tide was futile. The legislature was called in special session to consider other matters, but at once became busy with statutory prohibition.

Georgia, Oklahoma and Alabama, all within a few months, and there are more to follow.

HERE'S THE LIMIT!

There are some queer educators in Illinois. The University of Chicago is noted for the freak sayings of its professors. Perhaps it is in the atmosphere or environment, but at any rate the malady is spreading. The latest effusion is from the superintendent of public instruction of that state. The newspapers do not give his name. Perhaps they wish to save him from ridicule.

This high and mighty educator is reported as advocating the teaching in the public schools of what he is pleased to term "the art of courtship." He wants the boys, and we presume the girls, to know how to court properly and according to certain rules. Is there any "art" about it? Are the young women teachers to impart the instruction? How are they to do it? Who is there capable of producing text books? Is not love natural and how is it an art?

We confess this superintendent of instruction has aroused our curiosity as well as our contempt. We would like a diagram of the workings of his brain, that is if his brain really works. The mystery of love, who can explain it, much less teach it? It is the sweetest sensation in life, but think of studying from a printed page how to love! Might as well try to paint a sunbeam.

If that Illinois man really advocates such instruction, we advise his friends to keep a close watch on him as he is liable to become violent at any time.

When President Roosevelt hears any unusual noise during the night he can attribute it to the third-term movement prowling around the premises.

CUTTING MAHOGANY.

Lumbering in the Forests of Honduras.

"There are vast tracts of pine timber land in Honduras, the timber on which will some day become of great commercial value," said R. H. Ormsby, a representative of the Belize State and Produce company, an English corporation holding concessions in Honduras. "Mahogany furnishes the material for profitable lumber operations at present.

"The methods of getting out mahogany in the Honduran forests are primitive. The climate of the country is tropical and the forests low-lying and swampy. Only eight weeks in a year are available for moving the cut from the camps; and its movement being done solely by oxen, its rapidity may be imagined.

"Mahogany is abundant, but the difficulty of lumbering it and getting it moved is a great handicap. I have been investigating the methods of handling timber in the southern pine districts, and if we can adapt them to the woods of Honduras the problem of more profitable management of the mahogany industry in Honduras will have been solved.

"The system of labor with which we have to contend down there is peculiar, too. Laborers are hired for one year, under a contract which calls for three months' wages to be paid them in advance.

"The men go to the woods and remain there until Christmas. Then they all leave work and return to their homes to celebrate. They bring several months' wages with them and do not go back to work until they have spent it all. Their money gone, the men return to the forests.

"This refers only to the common laborers. The lumbering of mahogany requires the service of expert woodsmen, who are paid according to the tasks they accomplish.

"Mahogany trees do not grow in clusters, but are scattered throughout the forests and are hidden in dense growths of underbrush, vines and creepers. It requires a skilful woodsman to find them.

"He seeks the highest ground in a forest, climbs to the top of the tallest tree and surveys the surrounding country. The mahogany tree has a peculiar foliage and the practiced eye of the woodsman soon picks it out.

"Following the timber looker, as he would be called in American forest work, comes the axman and the sawyer and hewer. A large mahogany tree will take two men a day to fell it.

"The trees have large spurs which project from the trunk at its base, and scaffolds must be erected so the tree can be cut through above them. This leaves a stump from ten to fifteen feet long, which contains the finest of the lumber, but which, under the methods of lumbering which prevail, must be allowed to go to waste.

"The day will perhaps come when these tree stumps will be grubbed out just as the stumps of American black walnut are being grubbed out now, the relics of wasteful days of cutting when that timber was plentiful, and now worth many times more than the trunks that were cut from them.

"The mahogany hunter has nothing to do with the felling or removing of the tree. His duty is simply to locate it. Often he may earn as much as $1,000 in a month, as he is paid by the tree, but then, again, he may prospect for weeks without detecting an available tree.

"Mahogany commands a big price in the markets to which it is exported, but it is not only because of its superior quality and beauty for the purpose to which it is put that it is so costly. To the difficulties and expense of getting it from its native forests and in shape for marketing, a large portion of its high valuation is due."

ARTIFICIAL EYES.

As early as 500 B. C., artificial eyes were made by priests of Rome, who practiced as physicians and surgeons. Their methods of eye-making consisted of taking a flesh-tinted strip of linen two and a quarter by one and quarter inches, to which the flat side of a piece of earthenware, modeled lifesize and painted to represent the human eye and eyelids, was cemented. This linen, coated on the other side with some adhesive substance, was placed over the socket and pressed down. In brief, the eyes were worn outside the socket, and though it must have proved a clumsy substitute, it was evidently appreciated by the Romans and Egyptians. In the ruins of Pompeii, destroyed 79 B. C., an eye of this description was discovered.

Not until the sixteenth century were eyes in any respect like those worn in the present day. A French surgeon, Ambrose Pere, invented three artificial eyes. One consisted of an oval plate covered with leather, on which an eye was painted. It was attached to the head by a strong steel band. Certainly it was neither sightly nor comfortable. The second device, and the first known in history to be worn inside the socket, consisted of a hollow globe of gold deftly enameled. The third type was a shell pattern eye like those used today, except that it was of gold and enamel.

Pere's inventions were followed by eyes of painted porcelains, colored pearl white, which soon became popular. They were succeeded by eyes of glass, which soon took the place of all others and command popular favor to this day.

Eyes were first made in the United States by the late Peter Couglemann in New York in 1851. But three firms are engaged in this business in the country, the manufacture of eyes here being confined principally to supplying them for private patrons. The greater art of the stock eyes come from Germany, where an industry is built upon this article, large numbers being exported to all parts of the world. Eyes are also made in Paris and in several parts of England, but it not an industry in either country, being conducted, like the American house in this specialty, to supply individual orders. The price of an eye made to order varies from $10 to $25, according to the work, time and skill employed in manufacturing it.—From an article in The Technical World Magazine.

A DELUGE OF QUAIL.

The town of Nicolaieff suffered this week from a plague of quail. More than ten thousand birds, dead and alive, were harvested in the town and suburbs, after a thunderstorm of exceptional violence.

The thunderstorm continued for a considerable time, and rain fell in torrents. While the town was being illuminated by the almost continuous and vivid lightning flashes, quail, dead or alive, were observed falling and helplessly fluttering in nearly every street and courtyard.

Men, women and children immediately became oblivious to the deluge and the danger of being struck by lightning. Even the droschky drivers abandoned their horses to join in the universal scramble, bagging the quail in the upturned skirts of their long gaberdines.

The unusual violence of the storm must have beaten up in a myriad flock the great numbers of quail that haunt the marshy and reedy reaches about the confluence of the Boug and the Ingul, which make a peninsula of Nicolaieff. The birds were evidently exhausted by their enforced flight, and many of them were apparently killed by the lightning.

For the last couple of days quail on toast and otherwise has formed an item in the menu of every hotel and restaurant and on nearly every private household table in town.

Early this morning, curiously enough, some hundreds of quail were caught by hand here on the Nicolaieff Boulevard, and the equally elevated terrace of the Alexander Park. They had obviously been driven over by a strong northerly gale from the opposite side of the bay. —Odessa Correspondence London Express.

SOME AMUSING MISTAKES

According to the Bluejacket, Rear Admiral Evans, while traveling on a steamer between Fort Monroe and the exposition grounds, was accosted by a lady passenger, who had a baby and some bundles in her arms, with the query: "Are you going ashore here?" When the admiral said yes, she asked him to carry her bundles. "Certainly, madam, only too pleased to," was the quick reply. The admiral was in uniform, and the lady took him for one of the steamer's officers or porters.

Petty officers of the navy are frequently asked to stop a trolley car, to prevent a door flight, or to say offhand just when the next train will leave for Oshkosh or some other way station. The story is also told of a midshipman in Washington, who was asked by an old lady to carry her baggage, and offered him 10 cents as a tip. These mistakes are due to the fact that naval uniforms are so closely copied in the dress of municipal, railroad and other employes that it is sometimes difficult to tell the real from the imitation.

VARIETIES

Germany has 40,000 postoffices.

Tasmania grows the largest apple.

The daily consumption of pens is 1,500,000.

The coal mines of the world employ 1,250,000 men.

Seven hundred British subjects are born at sea every year.

Of the world's population there are 64 to the 1,000,000 who are blind.

An orange tree in full bearing has been known to produce 15,000 oranges.

Four cities in Oklahoma have made bids for the State Baptist university.

Malaria renders nearly a fifth of the land of the globe dangerous to white men.

Germany's population is increasing more rapidly than that of Great Britain or France.

Half rates for women prevail in some old Swedish hotels because they eat less than men.

Two locomotives could pass each other in any one of the four funnels of the Mauretania.

Japanese said to have driven many Americans from commercial fields in the far east.

Germany alone sends to London annually 20,000,000 feathers of birds for millinery purposes.

Recent figures place the number of Protestant communicants in the United States at 32,283,658.

In the farms of Norway during planting and harvesting time more women than men are seen in the fields.

American Federation of Labor convention at Norfolk, Va., makes plans for a fight for an eight-hour day.

In Amsterdam there is a factory where 400,000 diamonds are cut annually. Most of the work is done by women.

Ireland maintains nearly 400 egg distributing stations for the purpose of bettering the poultry of that country.

Sumner says the enemies of President Roosevelt are taking the course that may force him to accept the nomination.

Love letters written by Senator Brown to Mrs. Bradley are feature in the trial of the woman for murder in Washington.

Members of the Illinois Undertakers' association are discussing the plan to call themselves "morticans" instead of undertakers.

Walter Wellman lands in New York and reiterates his faith in the practicability of reaching the north pole by means of an airship.

The most northerly railway in the world will soon be opened for traffic on the island of Spitzbergen. The line is about eighteen miles long.

Howard Maxwell, former president of the Borough bank of Brooklyn, indicted for grand larceny, is unable to procure bail and is locked up.

James J. Hill said withering blight threatens the nation unless "men in high places" quit "ruining credit" by denunciations.

George Stanbridge, of Cleveland, O., says he has trained a monkey to do the family washing, and does not need a washwoman.

About 250,000 miles of cable repose at the bottom of the sea, representing $250,000,000. This works out at about $1,000 a mile to make and lay.

Young Russian woman revolutionary assigned to assassinate the war minister takes poison and confesses to her part in the plot before dying.

Speaker Cannon, at Washington, declares he will co-operate with President Roosevelt in securing the quickest and most effective financial legislation.

Declaring her wages had not been paid, Lorine Myers, a St. Louis nurse girl steals the two little children of her employer, but is captured by the police.

Eighteenth annual convention of Trans-Mississippi Commercial congress convenes in Oklahoma; booms deep waterway from lakes to gulf.

Half a million dollars is paid by the Brooklyn Union Elevated company to the reorganization committee as a commission on a $1,000,000 stock issue.

Five thousand sailors presented Helen Gould with a silver loving cup in token of their appreciation of her gift of nearly $500,000 to the Y. M. C. A.

Steamer Mauretania, the biggest ship in the world reaches New York five days five hours and ten minutes out from Queenstown, failing to break the Lusitania's record.

Lady Ernestine Hunt, eldest daughter of the marquis of Ailesbury, owns and operates a horse ranch at Calgary, Alberta, on a stretch of land nearly 40 acres in extent.

Switzerland's greatest industry, the entertaining of tourists, has been officially computed to bring $23,000,000 a year, $7,000,000 more than the public revenue of the whole confederacy.

Chief Forester Pinchot declares that the estimated 400,000,000,000 feet of standing hardwood, 25,000,000,000 is cut yearly, at which rate the supply will be exhausted in sixteen years.

The age of a whale is ascertained by the size and number of laminae of the whalebone, which increase yearly. Ages of 300 and 400 years have been assigned to whales from these indications.

Members of the Democratic national committee meet at French Lick Springs and decide to call a meeting of the committee in Washington December 12 to 20 on the time and place of the convention.

The recount law passed by the New York legislature to enable William R. Hearst to attack the validity of Mayor McClellan's election is declared unconstitutional by court of appeals.

There arrived in Rio de Janeiro recently 61, out of a shipment of 75, bulls of Indian zebu and other breeds from Calcutta, the 14 being lost in transit. The strain of Indian cattle in Brazilian stock is now very marked.

Rabbits, says a naturalist, have white tails, so that the young may be able to distinguish their mother in case of pursuit. The color of a rabbit is so like that of the ground that this would otherwise be difficult, if not impossible.

The largest wagon in the world has been shiped to Nome, Alaska, for the Pioneer Mining company. It is over 30 feet long and 7 feet high from the axle. The wheels are 10 feet in diameter, and are fitted with iron tires 1½ feet in width.

The nine largest Presbyterian Sunday schools are located in Philadelphia, Minneapolis, New York, Chicago, Rochester, Plainfield, Buffalo, Harrisburg and Seattle, all having over 1,000 members, the first named having nearly 5,800 and the next two over 2,000 each.

According to figures compiled by the census bureau in Washington, a divorce suit is filed every two minutes during working hours of court officials, and a divorce granted every three minutes in the United States. This has been the average for the last twenty years.

The old house in North street, New Rochelle, formerly the home of Thomas Paine, author of The Age of Reason, has just been sold for $10, and it is reported that the purchasers will dismantle it and use it for firewood. The house is probably 200 years old.

Sir Frederick Borden and Gen. Lake, of Ottawa, are visiting the National park at Gettysburg. They are going to obtain some idea of the possibilities for a similar park on the Plains of Abraham. The invitation comes from the national park commission, of Gettys

A LAZY LIVER

May be only a tired liver, or a starved liver. It would be a stupid as well as savage thing to beat a weary or starved man because he lagged in his work. So in treating the lagging, torpid liver it is a great mistake to lash it with strong drastic drugs. A torpid liver is but an indication of an ill-nourished, enfeebled body whose organs are weary with over-work. Start with the stomach and allied organs of digestion and nutrition. Put them in working order and see how quickly your liver will become active. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has made many marvelous cures of "liver complaint," or torpid liver, by its wonderful control over the organs of digestion and nutrition. It restores the normal activity of the stomach, increases the secretions of the blood-making glands, cleanses the system of poisonous accumulations, and so relieves the liver of the burdens imposed upon it by the defection of other organs.

Symptoms. If you have bitter or bad taste in the morning, poor or variable appetite, coated tongue, foul breath, constipated or irregular bowels, feel weak, easily tired, despondent, frequent headaches, pain or distress in "small of back," gnawing or distressed feeling in stomach, perhaps nausea, bitter or sour "risings" in throat after eating, and kindred symptoms of weak stomach and torpid liver, or biliousness, no medicine will relieve you more promptly or cure you more permanently than Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

Perhaps only a part of the above symptoms will be present at one time and yet point to torpid liver, or biliousness and weak stomach. Avoid all hot bread and biscuits, griddle cakes and other indigestible food and take the "Golden Medical Discovery" regularly and *stick to its use* until you are vigorous and strong.

Of Golden Seal root, which is one of the prominent ingredients of "Golden Medical Discovery," Dr. Roberts Bartholow, of Jefferson Medical College, says: "Very useful as a stomachic (stomach) tonic and in atonic dyspepsia. Cures gastric (stomach) catarrh and headaches accompanying same."

Dr. Grover Coe, of New York, says: "Hydrastis (Golden Seal root) exercises an especial influence over mucous surfaces. Upon the liver it acts with equal certainty and efficacy. As a cholagogue (liver invigorator) it has few equals." Dr. Coe also advises it for affections of the spleen and other abdominal viscera generally, and for scrofulous and glandular diseases, cutaneous eruptions, indigestion, debility, chronic diarrhea, constipation, also in several affections peculiar to women, and in all chronic derangements of the liver, also for chronic inflammation of bladder, for which Dr. Coe says "it is one of the most reliable agents of cure."

Prof. John King, M. D., late of Cincinnati, author of the AMERICAN DISPENSATORY, gives it a prominent place among medicinal agents, reiterates all the foregoing writers have said about it, as does also Prof. John M. Scudder, M. D., late of Cincinnati. Dr. Scudder says: "It stimulates the digestive processes and increases the assimilation of food. By these means *the blood is enriched.* * * * * the consequent improvement on the glandular and nervous systems are natural results." Dr. Scudder further says, "in relation to its general effect upon the system, *there is no medicine in use about which there is such general unanimity of opinion.* It is *universally* regarded as *the* tonic, useful in all debilitated states * * *."

Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Medical College, Chicago, says of Golden Seal root: "It is a most superior remedy in catarrhal gastritis (inflammation of the stomach), chronic constipation, general debility, in convalescence from protracted fevers, in prostrating night-sweats. *It is an important remedy in disorders of the womb.*" (This agent, Golden Seal root, is an important ingredient of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for woman's weaknesses, as well as of the "Golden Medical Discovery.") Dr. Ellingwood continues, "in *all* catarrhal conditions it is useful."

Much more, did space permit, could be quoted from prominent authorities as to the wonderful curative properties possessed by Golden Seal root.

We want to assure the reader that "Golden Medical Discovery" can be relied upon to do all that is claimed for Golden Seal root in the cure of all the various diseases as set forth in the above brief extracts, for its most prominent and important ingredient is Golden Seal root. This agent is, however, strongly reinforced, and its curative action greatly enhanced by the addition, in just the right proportion of Queen's root, Stone root, Black Cherrybark, Bloodroot, Mandrake root and chemically pure glycerine. All of these are happily and harmoniously blended into a most perfect pharmaceutical compound, now favorably known throughout most of the civilized countries of the world. Bear in mind that each and every ingredient entering into the "Discovery" has received the endorsement of the leading medical men of our land, who extol each article named above in the highest terms. What other medicine put up for sale through druggists can show any such *professional* endorsement? For dyspepsia, liver troubles, all chronic catarrhal affections of whatever name or nature, lingering coughs, bronchial, throat and lung affections, the "Discovery" can be relied upon as a sovereign remedy.

A little book of extracts treating of *all* the several ingredients entering into Dr. Pierce's medicines, being extracts from standard medical works, of the different schools of practice will be mailed *free* to any one asking (by postal card or letter), for the same, addressed to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., and giving the writer's full post-office address *plainly* written.

Don't accept a substitute of unknown composition for this non-secret MEDICINE OF KNOWN COMPOSITION.

WANTS TO WORK; NOT TO "MAKE EYES"

Stenographer Advertises for Place Without Handholding, Theatres and Lobsters.

Chicago, Nov. 23.—Miss Julia C. Dunkirk, of Indianapolis, inserted this advertisement in a Chicago newspaper and got 100 replies:

"I want to be somebody's stenographer or bookkeeper; not his sweetheart. I have been in Chicago three days answering want ads, and I've had more chances to be 'somebody's darling' than I ever knew existed. If there is a man in Chicago who needs help and would rather have a girl attending to business than making googoo eyes, I should like to hear from him. I already have a sweetheart of my own."

Asked about her search for work, the girl, who is pretty, said:

"I don't believe so much in chivalry any more. In one office, a baldheaded man, who really looked nice, asked me to be seated.

"Stenographer, I presume?" he began.

"'Yes, sir,' I replied.

"'Do you live with your people?' he asked.

"'My people are not in the city; I am alone.'

"'How interesting!' he said. 'I am very much alone myself. My wife doesn't care to go out, doesn't care for theatres or late suppers, and I have a lot of time at my disposal.'

"'But I am a stenographer,' I ventured.

"'Spirited,' he said. 'I like it. You have a pretty hand,' and he reached out to take it.

"I escaped and tried the next one. Really, I suppose it was foolish of me to be angry with this man. He was so insignificant. He leared and lisped. I tried again—but what's the use? I hope I will get a place with some man who is too busy to care about lobsters and theatres."

CONSCRIPTION SUGGESTED

Compulsory Service May Be Used to Maintain Strength.

General Ainsworth Says Legislation to Increase Pay and Restore Canteen Is Needed.

Washington, Nov. 25.—The difficulty of securing recruits for the army, the prevalence of desertion and an unwelcome suggestion that the European system of conscription, or compulsory military service, may become necessary to maintain the American army at its maximum strength, are the features of the annual report of Adjutant General Ainsworth to the secretary of war. The interesting subject of the status and future of the national militia were dealt with in a special report by the same officer heretofore published, and this last report is devoted principally to the personnel of the regular army.

Compete With Employers.

Says the adjutant general:

"Notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts on the part of the war department and of recruiting officers and their parties in all parts of the country it has been found impossible wholly to make good the losses occurring in the present strength of the army, to say nothing of increasing that strength to the limit authorized by law and executive order. The government, in its efforts to procure men for the army, is now competing everywhere with private employers, who are able to offer men much greater inducements than the government now offers, at least in the matter of pay. If present conditions continue there will be nothing for the government to do but to meet this competition by materially increasing the soldiers' pay, or to evade the competition altogether by a resort to conscription.

As to the causes for this state of affairs the adjutant general says they are the same, to a considerable extent, as those which lead to desertion. During the last fiscal year there were 4,522 desertions—5.6 per cent of the army—as against 7.4 per cent during the preceding year.

The report states that the means for the removal of most of these causes are obvious and are, to a considerable extent, beyond the control of the war department, in that it will require legislation by congress, both to increase the pay and to restore the canteen.

Strength of Armies.

The actual strength of the entire military establishment on October 15 last was 58,998 men, including 3,890 officers, but not including 3,400 men of the hospital corps, so the establishment was 19,671 men short of its authorized strength. The deficiency on the corresponding date of the preceding year was 7,830 men. Therefore, says the report, the enlisted strength of the army decreased during the past year, when it should have increased in order to meet the authorized increase in the artillery branch.

INDICT THREE BANKERS

Result of Investigation of Suspension in Brooklyn.

Are Charged With Grand Larceny and Misappropriation of $145,000.

New York, Nov. 22.—The Kings county grand jury, which is investigating the recent management of the suspended Borough Bank of Brooklyn, today returned indictments charging larceny and other offenses against Howard Maxwell, who was president of the institution when its doors were closed; Arthur D. Campbell, the deposed cashier, and William Gow, a director who holds a controlling share of the bank's stock.

These three men are jointly charged with grand larceny in the first degree in the misappropriation of $145,000, deposited by the executors of the Carrie M. McGuire estate. There is a second indictment for grand larceny against Maxwell, who is also indicted for forgery in the third degree. A second indictment against Campbell charges forgery in the third degree. In addition to the grand larceny Chairman Gow is indicted on four counts, alleging misdemeanors in the matter of over-drafts. He is charged with having overdrawn his account to the amount of nearly $24,000. Maxwell also, it is alleged, secured overdrafts aggregating nearly $73,000.

Following the report of the jury, the three men were arrested and arraigned. All pleaded not guilty and were held for a hearing.

MORGAN AND ROOSEVELT

Financial Situation Discussed at White House Meeting.

Believed New York Financiers Will Co-operate With Government With Loans.

Washington, Nov. 23.—The visit of J. Pierpont Morgan to Secretary Cortelyou and the President last night was generally accepted here today as evidence that the financial leaders in New York intend to co-operate with the treasury department in making successful the new loans. Mr. Morgan's views and advice have commanded much attention, because of his detachment in a large measure from recent speculative banking enterprises in New York and the breadth of view which his friends declare he has always brought to bear on conditions like the present.

It is known that his influence was great in saving the trust company situation in New York when it was exceedingly critical for three weeks, the result of lack of co-operation among the trust companies. Mr. Morgan has long favored some modification of the existing currency system, but has not, so far as his friends are informed, undertaken to propose any detailed plan of his own.

He found Secretary Cortelyou in agreement with him that several steps should be taken to give greater elasticity to circulation and restore confidence, but did not insist strongly upon any of the several measures which are now the subject of popular discussion.

The assurances brought by Mr. Morgan in regard to the improvement in conditions in New York, with the subscriptions which are still coming in for the new loans, encourage the belief here that the corner has been turned in the monetary situation, and that the banks throughout the country will soon be able to resume currency payments without restriction.

The enormous amount of gold which has arrived or been engaged is felt to be rather more than sufficient to restore the New York bank reserves to a point of safety and it is believed that after the opening of the bids for the Panama bonds the situation will be such that further gold imports will not be required.

To Resume Cash Basis.

Chicago, Nov. 23.—A step looking towards the resumption of business on a cash basis has been taken by the local clearing house association. Letters have been mailed to bankers of the middle and western sections of the country asking them to express their opinion on the general situation. These statements will be tabulated and used by the Chicago financiers as an index of the feeling outside of New York.

There was a general expression favoring this move in a meeting of the association. James B. Forgan, president of the First National Bank, presided.

FLEET WILL LEAVE 8,000 MEN IDLE

Wholesale Reduction in Eastern Navy Yards to Follow Departure of Warships.

Washington, Nov. 22.—Eight thousand men is the estimate placed by the navy department upon the number of discharges of employes which the departure of the Atlantic fleet will make necessary in the east coast navy yards.

Two thousand mechanics will probably be discharged from the New York yard. That this number is not greater is due to the fact that one of the new colliers is being built at New York. This, with the general overhauling of the Massachusetts and repairs to the yard tugs and other general work on the vessels left on the Atlantic coast, together with shop work, will aid in keeping the force busy. The Sylvia is to be repaired at New York preparatory to being turned over to the naval militia of Pennsylvania.

There are at present approximately 16,000 mechanics employed in getting the battleships ready for the long cruise. When the vessels leave the navy yards, early in December, there will be a decided falling off in the work on which they have been employed. New York and Washington employ about 2,000, Norfolk 3,000 and Portsmouth, N. H., about 1,000. Practically all of the discharges will be from the mechanical force.

Many of the men now on the rolls have been taken on for the rush work on the battleships. These will be the first to go, but the department will be unable to furnish work for more than half of its regular force. The department would be glad to retain the skilled men which it now has at the yards if possible, on account of the difficulty in obtaining them when needed. There is a scarcity of mechanics on the Pacific coast, where the building of the new colliers is practically at a standstill on account of lack of skilled labor. Men are being registered at the Mare Island yard under relaxed requirements in order to induce them to go west, but only a very small percentage of those to be discharged in the east could be given employment there. It is the present plan of the department that the battleships of the fleet shall not go to the yards on the Pacific for repairs except where they are absolutely necessary.

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FITS Epilepsy. Only CURE. I insure an entire and rapid cure to stay cured for life. I ask no fee. Dr. Kruse Co., St. Louis, Mo.

BROTHERHOOD EXTENDED

And Step Toward Union of Churches Is Seen.

Wesley Brotherhood Opens Its Doors to Both Branches of Methodism.

Louisville, Nov. 22.—What leading ministers and laymen in attendance upon the national convention of the Wesley Brotherhood say is an important step looking toward the ultimate union of the Methodist Episcopal and the Methodist churches south, was taken up yesterday afternoon at Trinity Methodist church, when the Wesley Brotherhood was made an organization for the men of all branches of Methodism; the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal and the Methodist Episcopal Church South, elected honorary vice presidents of the organization, and laymen in both the branches of Methodism elected officers. The name of the organization was changed from the Wesley Brotherhood of The Methodist Episcopal Church, to the Wesley Brotherhood of Methodism. Officers were elected by the brotherhood as follows:

President, Bishop Thomas B. Neeley; first vice president, John R. Pepper, Memphis; second vice president, F. F. Tasker, New York; third vice president, C. C. Stoell, Louisville; fourth vice president, T. S. Lippy, Seattle, Wash; corresponding secretary, W. B. Patterson, New York; treasurer, Robert H. Montgomery, New York.

Knoxville, Tenn., was chosen as the next place of meeting.

ORDER FROM PRESIDENT

Intended to Put a Stop to Third Term Boom.

Washington, Nov. 23.—President Roosevelt yesterday addressed a letter to members of his cabinet requesting them to inform federal employes under their jurisdiction to refrain from political activity with the object of the re-

WATCHES

The 16 size watch is now the popular size for men and boys, being very much lighter in weight, smaller in size, and thinner than the 18 size.

We shall handle this season only Waltham and Elgin movements. The reputation and reliability of these movements are so well known to our readers that they need no further recommendation from us.

The cases used in our watches are the very best grades of 25-year and 20-year gold filled cases on the market. We make no extra charge for hand engraved cases in the 25-year grade.

We guarantee everything we offer you to be JUST EXACTLY AS REPRESENTED.

And you will find our prices lower than you can purchase the same quality for elsewhere.

The Waltham and Elgin watches are all stem wind and stem set.

ALL WATCHES ARE SENT BY REGISTERED MAIL.

We can supply any movement made by the Waltham or Elgin companies, and will be pleased to quote prices.

This offer is intended only for Blade subscribers. We desire to give our subscribers the advantage of the best quality of everything at the very lowest price.

MOVEMENTS.

Nickel—Fifteen jewels (settings); quick train; exposed pallets; cut expansion balance; Breguet hairspring; polished oval regulator; sunk second dial; nickel index; dust ring; damaskeened plates.

Nickel—Seven jewels; quick train; exposed pallets; cut expansion balance; Breguet hairspring; polished oval steel regulator; sunk second dial; nickel index; dust ring; damaskeened plates.

MEN'S WATCHES.

No. 101—18 size, 25-year open face, 7-jeweled works ... $11.50

No. 102—16 size, 25-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works ... $15.00

No. 103—16 size, 25-year open face, 7-jeweled works ... $12.25

No. 104—18 size, 25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works ... $15.50

No. 105—18 size, 25-year open face, 15-jeweled works ... $12.50

No. 106—16 size, 25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works ... $17.00

No. 107—16 size, 25-year open face, 15-jeweled works ... $14.50

No. 110—16 size, 20-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works ... $12.75

No. 111—16 size, 20-year open face, 7-jeweled works ... $10.00

No. 113—18 size, 20-year open face, 15-jeweled works ... $10.50

No. 114—16 size, 20-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works ... $15.00

No. 115—16 size, 20-year open face, 15-jeweled works ... $12.50

NICKEL SILVER CASES.

No. 116—18 size, 7-jeweled works ... $5.30

No. 118—18 size, 15-jeweled works ... $6.60

No. 119—16 size, 15-jeweled works $8.75

LADIES' 6 SIZE.

No. 121 — 25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works ... $13.50

No. 123 — 20-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works ... $12.25

LADIES' 0 SIZE.

No. 124 — 25-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works ... $14.00

No. 125 — 25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works ... $17.50

No. 126—20-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works ... $13.00

Remit by P. O. money order, express money order, registered letter, or New York draft.

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BRYAN IN WHITE HOUSE

Not for Four Years, Only Half an Hour.

Washington, Nov. 23.—President Roosevelt and William J. Bryan were in conference for half an hour in the President's private offices at the White House.

"I was not invited to call," Mr. Bryan said on leaving, "but I called up on the telephone and asked when the President would receive callers and on being informed, came simply to pay my respects to the President."

Mr. Bryan was not willing to discuss the details of his interview, but was free to add details to the financial plan which he proposed a few days ago. In reviewing every measure of relief which had come to his notice, Mr. Bryan said that nothing seemed to be intended to meet the situation as effectively and at the same time as simply as the plan he had suggested.

This plan, he said, was simply to have the government insure depositors in national banks against loss by reason of the failure of the banks. It was not intended, he said, to have the government collect a fund for this purpose, to be kept on hand. Whenever a national bank should be required to pay its depositors it would be the duty of the government to make an assessment on all national banks to meet the amount of loss by reason of the failure. This assessment, Mr. Bryan said, would be infinitesimal.

SARGENT CRITICALLY ILL

Commissioner General of Immigration Is Stricken.

Washington, Nov. 23.—Frank P. Sargent, commissioner general of immigration and naturalization, is critically ill at his home in this city. He returned from New York on Thursday night, and has been confined to his bed ever since.

His physicians diagnose the case as that of a blood clot on the brain. His condition is such that nobody is permitted to see him, except his nurse and physicians.

TESTIFIES IN GOULD CASE

English Actress Gives Evidence Behind Closed Doors.

New York, Nov. 22.—Helen Mer, an English actress, appeared before Referee McClure yesterday to give testimony in connection with the suit for separation instituted by Mrs. Catherine Clemmons Gould against her husband, Howard Gould. Miss Mer's appearance was the result of a decision rendered by Justice O'Gorman in the supreme court a few days ago that her testimony be taken before the actual opening of the trial as she is about to sail for England.

It is alleged by Mr. Gould in an affidavit which has been filed in court that he believes Mrs. Gould made Miss Mer her confidant concerning her relations prior to her marriage to Mr. Gould, with Col. W. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill).

The affidavit further declares that Mr. Gould believes that these relations were meretricious, although he says Miss Clemmons, before their marriage assured him they were purely of a business nature. Miss Mer's testimony was given behind closed doors.

LABOR MEETING RAIDED

Havana Police Arrest Some 250 Union Men.

Havana, Nov. 23.—A strong force of detectives and police under the command of Jorez Varona, chief of the secret police, last night raided a meeting in a hall on Reina street, of the Federative Committee of Labor, and arrested all those present, numbering some 250 persons, including Emilio Sanchez and Feliciano Prieto, respectively president and secretary of the committee. All the prisoners were locked up, bail being refused.

Sanchez and Prieto were arrested Friday night on the complaint of a builder named Quintana, charging them with instigating the striking masons to intimidate nonunionists in his employ, but both were released on bail.

Quintana yesterday afternoon renewed his charges before Judge of Instruction Miyeres, who, taking into consideration numerous other instances of intimidation to which his attention had been called, issued a warrant of arrest without bail for all those persons at the meeting on the charge of conspiracy to disturb the public order, the allegation being that the men had gathered for the purpose of receiving orders from officials of the committee to commit acts of intimidation and violence upon nonunionists.

FAVORS RAILROAD PASSES

State Master of Connecticut Grange Would Give a Few.

Hartford, Conn., Nov. 20.—At yesterday's session of the National Grange, State Master Gardner, of Maine, introduced a resolution to the effect that congress should change the act to regulate commerce, approved February 4, 1897, by enlarging the powers of the interstate commerce commission and naming certain persons to whom free passes shall be given. He also introduced a resolution that the National Grange approve of the effort now being male to secure the amendment of the 1906 act to regulate commerce permitting railroads to grant special rates to the blind and their guides. Both were referred for committee consideration.

WEARING MALE ATTIRE

Girl Moonshiner Is Arraigned in Southern Court.

Atlanta, Nov. 20.—Moonshine whisky hearings were on a day or two ago in the Comerville criminal court, when one case against Frank Jones was called. The defendant, a neatly clad youth, with crisp black hair parted precisely in the middle, trousers strongly creased and with a debonair air, arose and took the witness chair.

Judge Newman had a recollection of a case against Frank Jones in Hall county two years ago. He recalled the fact that the Hall county defendant was a wearer of woman's apparel. The judge was puzzled. Appearance and recollection didn't coincide. He glanced at the defendant, and then at Judge Gaston, the United States commissioner.

Judge Gaston arose smiling. He had an explanation to make. And he made it briefly.

The United States commissioner told Judge Newman that the defendant before him, Frank Jones, who had been committed by him to the United States court for violating the United States revenue laws, was the some Frankie Jones who had been convicted in the Hall county court for selling whisky and had served twelve months in a chain gang. The commissioner sustained the judge's recollection that at the time of the conviction in Hall county the defendant was wearing dresses.

Since coming from her imprisonment the defendant has been wearing male attire, and has been a faithful servant in one of the Gainesville hotels, said Judge Gaston.

Judge Gaston suggestedthat as the defendant had proved law-abiding and had been an industrious and diligent worker since released from the Hall County chain gang sentence in the United States court be suspended.

Sentence was suspended and Frankie Jones, or Frank Jones, was given permission to return to Hall county.

DEFENDS SUNDAY SPORT

Admiral Upholds Sailors in Play on Sabbath.

Philadelphia, Nov. 20.—"If the Philadelphia preachers would come down to League Island navy yard and investigate the Sunday sport question before they talk of gross violations of Sunday laws, they would be able to tell a different story."

This was the reply in an interview of Admiral Pendleton, commandant of the League Island navy yard, to a resolution adopted by the Presbyterian ministers of this city criticising the naval authorities for permitting Sunday sports and Sunday dancing at the navy yards. The admiral declared that he would not for a moment interfere with the liberty of the sailors on shore or on ship and if they played baseball and football on Sundays and had other amusements on that day at the yard it was better than to be floating around the city to be made the victims of unscrupulous persons.

The admiral said he had no knowledge of the reported dancing on board two of the battleships last Sunday, but he said if such a thing did occur it was probably an impromptu affair, because no set or formal dance would be permitted on Sunday and that this is understood by the various crews. Continuing the admiral said:

"The men have their pianos and they want music. It is perfectly natural that such a visiting day as Sunday is should be the signal for some social enjoyment. Suppose, then, that these men, having young women with them, place their arms around the women's waists for a little whirl around. Does that call for a protest to the President?"

WALL STREET TO BLAME, SAYS BRYAN

Believes Most Banks Sound and Deposits Secure—Sees No Need of Fear.

Connellsville, Pa., Nov. 21.—Hon. William J. Bryan, in his lecture here last night, spoke on the financial situation, expressing the belief that most banks are sound and deposits therein secure. He said: "As to the present financial condition I believe the cause is to be found in Wall street speculation. Investigations have shown the fictitious character of some of the stock and mismanagement which has characterized some of the larger corporations. When the public became aware of the character of the stock they had been buying, they began to dispose of their holdings and the resulting shrinkage in values affected some of the New York banks and trust companies closely identified with speculative transactions. Runs on these banks frightened other depositors, and New York banks finally found themselves unable to return the reserves that had been deposited by outside banks. These outside banks, not being able to withdraw their funds, have in some cases found it necessary to limit the withdrawals from the funds which they had at hand.

I believe the banks throughout the country are, for the most part, perfectly sound, and there is no reason why the depositors should be afraid to leave their money in them."

After the lecture Mr. Bryan left for Washington, D. C., to attend a banquet.

DECRIES RULE OF GOLD

Folk Says the Golden Rule Is Needed.

Jefferson City, Mo., Nov. 21.—Governor Folk last night issued a unique Thanksgiving proclamation. It is the longest document of the sort issued in this state in many years. In it the governor says:

"For the moment there is a stringency in means of exchange, but as water finds its level so capital must come from its hiding places to seek the opportunities that lie so inevitably around us. Prosperity is everywhere apparent.

"The age of conscience is before us, not buried in the past, and it will come about when there is more of the golden rule and less of the rule of gold in our daily lives; when the doctrine of brotherhood and equal rights becomes the standard for governmental action and private conduct.

"Let us encourage industry and attack not wealth, but the abuses of wealth. Let us fight not men but the evil men do. Let us love not money, but manhood. Let us preserve inviolate the principle of popular self-government and recognize the largest liberty of the individual citizen consistent with law and order. Let us appeal not to cunning, but to conscience, and remember that by making the public conscience clean the public life is made clean."

GIRLS STARTED MUTINY

Instigated Russian Sailors to Shell Vladivostok.

Victoria, B. C., Nov. 25.—The steamer Kumeric brought advices that the recent mutinies at Vladivostok were caused by four girls, who went on board the destroyer Sukuurni and instigated the bluejackets of the destroyer to seize the officers of the steamer and escape to Japan with the vessel.

They agreed, but decided to shell the city from the roadstead before the voyage. The red flag was hoisted and the destroyer opened fire on the admiralty and then exchanged shots with the cruiser Mandjur and three destroyers, as well as the forts.

The engine room of the destroyer was struck by a shell from the forts and the vessel was run ashore to prevent sinking. The four girls who instigated the mutiny were killed, as well as a number of the bluejackets, the remainder being arrested.

The mutiny was followed by a most active campaign on the part of the authorities against the revolutionists.

SAYS CONSTITUTION IS INADEQUATE.

New York, Nov. 23.—Chief Justice Walter Clark, of the supreme court of North Carolina, in a speech before the People's Institute in Cooper Union last night, declared that the constitution was inadequate, undemocratic and outgrown.

Justice Clark said President Roosevelt was perfectly right in demanding that the constitution be "construed" to meet the needs of popular government as he saw them.

DENVER FOR CONVENTION

Will Give $100,000 for It to National Dem. Committee.

French Lick, Ind., Nov. 23.—At a conference of the members of Democratic National committee yesterday, it was decided to hold a meeting in Washington December 2, to select a time and place for the national Democratic convention next year. National Chairman Taggart presided at the conference. He said there were present 18 members, while six other members were represented by proxy. Three arrived last night.

Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, St. Louis, Atlantic City, Denver and Long Branch, N. J., want the next national convention. Charles F. Wilson said that Denver was building a hall to seat 15,000 persons and that Denver would send to the Washington meeting $100,000 in gold towards defraying expenses of the convention if held in Denver.

Geo. S. Lenhart, of Atlantic City, supplied the conference with literature booming that city for the convention. Several members of the committee will remain over Sunday.

National Chairman Taggart will be a candidate for re-election as the Indiana member of the national committee. When asked whether he would be a candidate for re-election as chairman of the national committee, Taggart only replies with a laugh. Chairman Taggart last night gave a banquet to visiting members of the committee.

TAFT'S NARROW ESCAPE

His Train Came Near Being Wrecked at Chinta.

Switch Was Open, but Native Discovered It in Time to Prevent Accident.

Krasnoyarsk, Siberia, Nov. 25.—It was learned here today that the train upon which Secretary Taft and his party are traveling over the Trans-Siberian railroad from Vladivostok to Moscow, had a narow escape from being wrecked yesterday at Chita.

A switch in front of the Taft train became open when it should have been shut, but an employe discovered this circumstance one minute before the train came along, closed the switch and kept it on the proper rails. Had the train been thrown onto the siding it would have crashed into a number of freight cars.

ALABAMA IS TO BE DRY

Statutory Prohibition Bill Is Passed by the Senate.

Montgomery, Ala., Nov. 20.—Unprecedented scenes were enacted in the senate chamber of the historic capitol of Alabama yesterday, when the statutory prohibition bill was passed. Women and children thronged the corridors and gallery and even usurped the floor itself, pushing the senators from their seats and giving vent to their enthusiasm by shouting and cheering that echoed and re-echoed through the building. Senators who opposed the bill were hissed down when they arose to speak against the measure, and Lieutenant Governor Gray, the presiding officer, was forced to reprove the spectators.

The statutory prohibition bill which was passed was in the nature of a compromise between the antis and prohibitionists. The antis, seeing the handwriting on the wall, agreed to give up the fight provided the time was extended to January 1, 1909, when the sale of whisky will be forbidden in the state of Alabama. This amendment will be sent to the house and will be concurred in without a fight.

Governor Comer will approve the bill, and it is understood that a movement has already been started by the state W. C. T. U. to make the signing of the bill a very formal occasion.

LETS CAR RUN HIM DOWN

Ohio Inventor Proves That His Fender Works.

Rochester, Nov. 22.—Benjamin Lev, of Cleveland, who invented a life-guard for street cars, to convince the local railway people of the practicability of his device, arranged to be picked up by the fender several times at University avenue and Culver road.

A chartered car, equiped with the life-saving apparatus, was provided for him. The car, on the first demonstration, was run at a speed of about six miles an hour. When the car was within a few feet of the dauntless Lev, he calmly stepped in front of it. The fender threw his feet out from under him and he shot into the steel basket. The car stopped and he arose unharmed.

Now came the supreme test. The car was to run at an eighteen-mile-an-hour clip. On it came, with the motorman leaning out of the vestibule window to more clearly enjoy the sensation of hitting a man for the pure fun of it. Lev, inserting another cigar in his mouth, turned his back on the approaching danger and walked in front of it. The car struck him as before and was brought to a stop.

Lev arose from his ungraceful position on the fender, safe and sound.

The life-guard consists of the usually extended platform from the front of the car, slightly above the track, but counter-balanced and pivoted at an angle of 45 degrees. The platform is built so as to take the weight of the body at its heaviest part and hold it on the fender, instead of throwing it in front or at the side of the car.

TEMPERANCE BILL KILLED

Montgomery, Ala., Nov. 22.—The Carmichael bill, forbidding the use or disposal of whisky in any club in Alabama, which was passed by the house, was killed for the session yesterday afternoon by the senate committee on temperance.

WHAT WAS IT

The Woman Feared?

What a comfort to find it is not "the awful thing" feared, but only chronic indigestion, which proper food can relieve.

A woman in Ohio says:

"I was troubled for years with indigestion and chronic constipation. At times I would have such a gnawing in my stomach that I actually feared I had a—I dislike to write or even think of what I feared.

"Seeing an account of Grape-Nuts, I decided to try it. After a short time I was satisfied the trouble was not the awful thing I feared, but was still bad enough. However, I was relieved of a bad case of dyspepsia, by changing from improper food to Grape-Nuts.

"Since that time my bowels have been as regular as a clock. I had also noticed before I began to eat Grape-Nuts that I was becoming forgetful of where I put little things about the house, which was very annoying.

"But since the digestive organs have become strong from eating Grape-Nuts, my memory is good and my mind as clear as when I was young, and I am thankful." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little booklet, "The Road to Wellville," in packages. "There's a Reason."

MONEY MARKET EASIER

Currency Released for Loans of Large Amounts.

Action of New York and Chicago Bankers Will Afford Relief to Country.

New York banks today began to release currency in large amounts on loans.

The first of the new treasury certificates were issued today and there is every indication of easier money conditions, not only in the east, but throughout the country, say Toledo bankers.

It transpires that in some parts of the country currency has not been scarce with the bankers, but, on the other hand, they have been carrying unusually large amounts in their vaults in anticipation of a panic, and were preparing to weather it.

Since money is loosening up in New York and Chicago bankers are about to resume payment of specie, bankers in the smaller cities and towns will do likewise. As one result, there will be more money in circulaiton before the end of the week and, provided with cash to meet pay rolls once more, operatons will be resumed in many shops and factories. It is predicted, however, that the resumption of operations will be gradual and that, in many instances, business will be more conservatively conducted.

The sixty-days rule is still in force in the savings banks, but that is of comparatively little consequence to the depositors. The number of notices of withdrawals the banks have received has not been large at any time, and the receipt of such notice is now only occasional.

The rule is not now rigidly enforced against depositors who are in distress, and upon, their request, money for urgent necessities is always forthcoming.

MILITIA AT RINGSIDE.

Governor Cummins Took Hand in Prizefight.

Des Moines, Iowa, Nov. 22.—Governor Cummins took a hand in Davenport's widely advertised McFarland-Herman prize fight last evening and, with the aid of a company of Iowa National Guard soldiers, ordered it stopped before it began.

Four thousand or more seats had been sold for the occasion, and a thousand people came in special trains from Chicago and other cities. Governor Cummins satisfied himself that the fight at Davenport was not to be a "mere scientific sparring exhibition," as it had been advertised, and he feared that if left to local officers there might be a "liberal" construction of the statute prohibiting prize fighting. Late yesterday afternoon the governor called out the militia at Davenport and ordered them to take possession of the Coliseum, where the fight was to take place.

Later the matches were carried out under a compromise by which it was agreed that they should be for points only. The militia remained at the Coliseum to see that the law was obeyed.

RUSSIA WIPES OUT HER INDEBTEDNESS TO JAPAN.

London, Nov. 23.—Russia today wiped out the balance of her indebtedness to Japan arising from the war, the Russian embassy handing over to the embassy of Japan a check for $24,302,200. This represents the balance due Japan for the maintenance of the Russian prisoners.

TAGGART WANTS TO QUIT

Don't Like Job as Chairman of Democratic Committee.

French Lick, Ind., Nov. 22.—Members of the national Democratic committee gathered here today for an informal conference to decide the time and place for a formal meeting of the committee at which the city and date for holding the next national convention will be selected. About twenty members of the committee are here and others were expected late today.

Chairman Taggart, who favors Washington as the place of meeting, said today the formal meeting of the committee would probably be held there in December.

A close friend of Chairman Taggart said today that Mr. Taggart would like to be relieved of the chairmanship of the committee, but would still like to represent Indiana on the committee.

IMPROVEMENT IS SHOWN

Industrial Situation in Pittsburg Is Much Better.

Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 22.—There is a decided improvement in the industrial situation in the Pittsburg district. Many plants are increasing their working forces and a number that have been shut down are resuming. The booking of heavy orders and an easier financial situation are responsible for the improvement. There is a hopeful feeling among manufacturers.

PUBLIC OPINION NEEDED

Indespensable in a Good Government, Says Bonaparte.

Providence, R. I., Nov. 21.—An address on "Government by Public Opinion," delivered by Attorney General Charles J. Bonaparte, president of the National Municipal League, was a feature of the second day's proceedings of the convention of that organization meeting in conjunction with the American Civic association. During the day the league, after re-electing all its important officers, discussed taxation and election reform. The American Civic association held independent meetings to discuss forest preservation.

Until late yesterday Attorney General Bonaparte had been unable to take part in the proceedings. When he rose to speak last night he was heartily greeted by a large audience. He said in part:

"In a popular government healthy public opinion is not merely the ally of all really useful

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY.
Keep faith in the love that blesses men
As the sunshine does the sod.
Let us do our best and trust the rest
To the father heart of God.

MONDAY.
Give love, and love to your heart will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

TUESDAY.
Take thy self-denials gayly and cheerfully, and let the sunshine of thy gladness fall on dark things and bright alike.

WEDNESDAY.
Oh, dear old dull November,
They don't speak well of you;
They say your winds are chilling,
Your skies are seldom blue.
What if you're dull a trifle,
Or just a little gray?
If not for you we'd never have
Dear old Thanksgiving day.

THURSDAY.
Be thankful because you have something to do, someone to love, something to hope for.

FRIDAY.
It is a comely fashion to be glad.
Joy is the grace we say to God.

SATURDAY.
Strength for the day is all that we need,
As there will never be a tomorrow,
For tomorrow will be but another day,
With its measure of joy and of sorrow.

November's Sacred Day

November has one day which is sacred in the family calendar. It is a day of memories and renewals of fellowships and family good will.

The observance of Thanksgiving Day has been common in New England ever since the days of the Mayflower, when the self-exiled band of devoted Christians reached the shores of Cape Cod, where they rejoiced in the goodness which had preserved them while they crossed the ocean in search of religious freedom. Their reasons for Thanksgiving have remained to this day, and to them have been added many others. For two centuries, perhaps, this day was observed mainly in New England, but after the civil war had knit so many hearts all over the land in defense of the flag, and especially when peace had come to unify the states, Thanksgiving Day became a general proclamation by the president and everywhere a legal holiday.

In many states it is observed with religious service. In all there is much thankfulness displayed by enjoyment of the bounties of harvest time, and by a generous sharing of the good things of life to those less favored.

We should not confine our thankfulness to "November's sacred day" alone. We should try to keep to its spirit every day in the year, and cultivate the art of being happy. There is a story about an old colored woman who knew how to lighten life, with perpetual thanksgiving.

She had to work hard for a living, but as she worked she sang, and this was the refrain of her song:

"Thanksgiving an' the voice of melody."

"What makes you so happy?" people asked her, when they heard her sing.

"'Pears like the Lord is so good to me I can't thank Him enough," she would say, and then she would go on singing, "Thanksgiving an' the voice of melody," till everybody at last called her "Thanksgiving Ann."

One thing will help to make the whole year a season of thanksgiving, and that is, no matter what our sorrows or misfortunes, never to forget our blessings.

THE COZY CORNER

Today we have our Thanksgiving gathering in the Cozy Corner and the editor wishes to say "thank you" to those of the members who have been so kind as to write Thanksgiving letters for our entertainment.

Another year has rolled away,
With all its joy and care,
And brings again, Thanksgiving day,
In which we all may share.

We gather round the old hearthstone,
With love, each other greet,
We speak in kind and gentle tone,
Of those we'll ne'er more meet.

We speak of all our blessings here,
Our hearts are filled with praise,
For bounteous harvests through the year,
And blessings all our days.
—Written for the Cozy Corner by Mrs. Clark, of Iowa.

AN ACCIDENTAL DINNER.

The Thanksgiving which stands out plainest in my memory, is one when I was caretaker of four motherless children, really we were five motherless little ones. We had just gone west, and although a loving father's hands were doing all that could be done to make us comfortable, we had many hardships to endure, but we bore them with hope and optimism.

The day before this Thanksgiving, the glorious weather we had been having turned suddenly cold and there was a heavy frost and a hard freeze. Thanksgiving day an ugly wind blew, which the sun could not warm, try as it did, its very best. The house was cold and the fuel was poor and scarce. For dinner that day there were only bread and butter, potatoes, plum sauce and cream. All but the plum-sauce we had every day. We could have had that as commonly, but the country grocery always ran short of sugar at canning season. As for chickens, those we had brought from the old home were high grade, and far too necessary to the next year's supply to be slain for the festal board. It was yet too warm to cure the winter's supply of meat, and the dinner outlook was as gray as the day.

Suddenly the dear boy who herded cattle rushed into the house with a string of fish that he had found stunned by the sudden freeze. They were huddling in a nook in the creek, where he easily caught them with his hands, and strung them on a willow bough. It does not take much fire to cook fish and we fared sumptuously through a mere accident that never happened again. That we ate from a table which some time later broke down when we had company from Chicago, necessitating one of the guests to hold it up during dinner, did not then cast a damper on our appetites.

The next Thanksgiving, we had turkey and "fixings," and company, and all went well except that the coffee was seasoned with spice which had been ground in the coffee mill to flavor the fruit cake, but none of the guests so much as hinted that spice water was not the usual Thanksgiving drink.—Emma Johnstone.

A DAY FOR HAPPINESS.

Thanksgiving day is intended to be a happy time, and it is especially so when we meet with loved ones we have not seen in a long while.

Three sisters and myself with our families often met at our mother's home on Thanksgiving. It was a joyful reunion. We forgot the cares of life and were children again. What loving remembrances cluster around those happy days. We were helped to take up the duties of life again with renewed courage, and not only gave thanks for the bounties of the earth but for the blessedness of home ties.

A short time ago our mother went to her eternal home where many loved ones had preceded her. Now my children have homes of their own, and we often meet with them at the happy Thanksgiving time. I cannot go as I once did, for it is eight long years since I walked, so I must go in my wheel chair. I enjoy meeting with friends and am trying to keep from selfishness and impatience while I am "just waiting."

I hope this will be a happy Thanksgiving to you all. One of my greatest blessings is the reading of your letters. They seem to bring us so near together, and they brighten my way.—Mrs. Clark, of Iowa.

A FAMILY GATHERING.

I thought I would write and tell you what we do in our family on Thanksgiving. We are always invited to my father's home—my mother is dead, but my father's sister has been a mother to us ever since I was fourteen years of age, and so it is just like "home," still. First I must tell you who comes to the feast. I have a twin brother and a younger brother, both of whom are married. Then I have a still younger brother, living at father's home, so you see, with the six grandchildren, we are quite a party. We always have the time-honored turkey, no matter how much it costs. It seems as if it isn't Thanksgiving without the turkey. Then there are the mashed potatoes, the gravy, the dressing, the vegetables, and the pumpkin and mince pies, and generally some other kind of pies, too, though the first two are always "on deck." Then there is the fruit. Last year we had a great pumpkin scooped out, filled with grapes, oranges, bananas and apples, and set in the center of the table. Cakes and nuts are always a part of the feast, also.

We have a light supper after our hearty dinner, and in the evening we play games and sing, and have a great time, I assure you. At Christmas and New Years we spend the day at my home or at the home of one of my brothers. I will write another letter before Christmas and tell you about our Christmas carol singing on Christmas eve. We are of English descent and we celebrate Christmas in English style.—Aurora Belle.

Be sure to send the Christmas letter, and please send it soon.—Ed.

THE CRIPPLE'S GARDEN.

"Lorena" instead of writing a letter for publication, sends us this little story for the benefit of the "dear shut-ins."

In the Chicago Home for Incurables there is a remarkable patient. He is terribly crippled, yet with all his physical afflictions he is one of the most cheerful souls imaginable. In a recent letter to a friend, the cripple writes:

"Did you ever hear of the garden I have and the flowers I raise? Well, through the center runs a path with flowers on either side; a large bed of Patience and a beautiful bed of Hope, a fine Climbing Courage, and a little vine called Cheerfulness that runs in and out all over my garden. Around the garden is a fence made of Determinations, with posts of Perseverance; this is to keep out the Grumbler Vine that grows all about outside and tries to get in. Outside the garden is a tree like a Weeping Willow, which sometimes casts a shadow over my flowers, and once in a while a blackbird comes and sings in its branches. I call it the Complaining Bird. It does not come often. In one corner of my garden I have a hotbed where I raise Smiles, because they have to be forced.

"What do you think of my flower garden?"

Surely, the cheerful spirit of this brave soul should carry a lesson to the grumblers.

A DAY AT "AUNTIE'S."

Every Monday, the dear old Blade comes to our home. I look for it as I would for an old friend, indeed it seems as if I were meeting old friends when I read the helpful words in the Cozy Corner. Only a few days ago, it gave such good advice to me, just what I needed. It is kind in the good housekeepers to tell the rest of us the best ways to manage our homes and housework.

I will tell you how we spent last Thanksgiving day. Bright and early in the morning we started to my aunt's, ten miles from my home. It was a beautiful, clear, cold morning, and how we enjoyed the ride. We passed farm after farm, with their homes in our broad valley. All nature seemed to smile. In the distance were the hills and mountains. How I love them! They seem to say, "God is love," for was it not on the mountains that Jesus preached that wonderful sermon of peace and love? On the mount, the grand transformation took place, and the agony of Gethsemane, and at last he bore the cross to Calvary's mount.

At Auntie's we met our loved ones. Twenty-eight of us were there. Twenty-one were relatives, and a friend's family of seven made up the rest.

Now I must tell you how we manage about the dinner. Each family cooks food and takes it to the place we meet, so that the labor and expense does not come on one person. I tell this to help some troubled sister who would love to have her relatives and friends with her that day, but cannot manage it alone.

For the last few years, I have taken trips away from home for two or three weeks or a month, and some time I will write and tell you what I have seen. I went to San Francisco, soon after the earthquake and fire.—California Poppy.

A HAPPY PARTY.

I will tell you of a Thanksgiving thirteen years ago. I had been married several months, and for the first time in many years, my father's family was all in the same state, and within visiting distance of one another. We were all at home, six of us children, and a cousin's family, which in all made twenty to dinner. My cousin and I furnished the turkeys. Sister Rose bought the oysters. Sister Idell made the cake, and mother did the rest of the good cooking. My brother Merrian played on the violin and sang for all. I wish some of the music lovers of the Cozy Corner and the M. G. R.'s could have heard the singing. Its music rings in my memory yet.

I have two precious little daughters, and this year we shall have Thanksgiving at home, here in Michigan, where my husband has lived forty years. He came here when seven years old, and at that time the country was densly wooded with pine and sugar maple trees. There was an abundance of deer, wild turkeys and other game, and there were many Indians.

I have lived in five states. My birthplace was near Cedar Falls, Iowa. Perhaps this is not much of a Thanksgiving story, but it is true, and with it I send love to all, the young and the gay, the happy and the glad, the sorry and sad—I wish you all Thanksgiving cheer.—Mistigay.

GIVE THANKS, GIVE THANKS!

Give thanks, give thanks! the Lord is good,
Praise him with song, as mortals should,
And on the hallowed festal day,
Your tribute on His altar lay.

Our commerce whitens every sea,
Our workshops hum with industry,
Our pastures yield a large increase,
Oh, let our praises never cease.

Our flag floats high without a stain,
Our schools develop men of brain,
War makes no inroads on our coast,
And freedom is our Nation's boast.

It is God's hand that thus provides,
And His love that here abides,
He gives us wealth and makes us strong
He approves the right and rebukes the wrong.

The Lord, Jehovah, is our stay,
Our fire by night, our cloud by day,
Before His throne adoring fall,
Give God the thanks—He giveth all.
—Written for the Cozy Corner by West Virginia Poet.

WHAT "USED TO BE."

I used to enjoy Thanksgiving very much, as I lived close to my father and mother and only sisters. We always went home for Thanksgiving. My sister came in from the country with her family and brought many good things to eat, and we would meet at Grandma's, as the children used to say. Oh, what a fine time we would have.

But years have flown and there have been changes since that time. My dear old father is gone, and my only sister and her family have moved to Arkansas, while my family and I have moved to Ohio. My dear old mother is still in Illinois, so you see there will be no happy meeting at "Grandma's" this year.—Ohio Lily.

A GREETING.

How are you? I wish you may all be well and happy like I am. I have been very busy, as I helped my husband corn husking. I shall not have a Thanksgiving party, or go anywhere, but I am thankful for everything God has given us so far. I am so glad that I get the Blade; it seems just like a visit from good old friends, to me. Goodbye to all the Cozy Corner and M. G. R. friends.—German Blonde.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

During the past week we have received letters from E. J. W., Mrs. A. A. B., Granna, Mrs. J. C. Bell, R. C., German Blonde, B. W and Aunt Hepsy, Janet, H Greeley Miller, C. M. E., and A Young Mother.

A letter came to the Cozy Corner from Kokomo, Ind., but as it was not signed we cannot give its writer credit. Will she please send in her name?

Don't feel neglected if your letters are delayed in publication.

Salome of Michigan:Those pen and ink drawings of yours are wonders. They give the editor much joy.

M. Porter:—Your story came too late for our Thanksgiving Cozy Corner, but do not let that discourage you. Come to visit us again.

Mollie Moore:—Thank you for your letter and motto suggestions. They are all good.

H. Greeley Miller:—The editor is thoroughly in sympathy with your "hobby." Your letter shall certainly be printed.

CONTRIBUTED RECIPES

German Blonde is kind enough to send her way of roasting turkey or chicken. The Germans are fine cooks and the editor can say from experience that fowls roasted in this way are delicious. The proof is in the eating, you know.

Roast Turkey or Chicken:—The best is a young fowl. After it is dressed, rub inside and out with salt. Put into a covered baking pan. Place on top of the stove and steam for an hour. Use just enough water to cover the bottom of pan. After steaming, stuff with large California prunes uncooked) or tart apples. Put the roast in a hot oven, keeping water on the bottom of the pan. When brown on top, turn and brown the under side. Test by piercing fork in the breast. If cooked through the juice will be clear. Put a few bay leaves in your pan. They give the roast a nice flavor.

Loaf Cake:—One cupful of butter, one of sweet milk, two of sugar, three of flour, with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, well sifted, four eggs, one cup of any chopped nuts. This is my recipe for all cakes; layer, drop cakes and marble cake. I omit the nuts and add chocolate or spices in the marble cake. When I want a white cake, I leave the yolks of the eggs out.

Cheap Fruit Cake:—One cup of butter, two of sugar, three of flour, four eggs, one cup of sour milk, one cup of raisins, one of currants, one teaspoonful of soda.

Grandma's Cookies:—Two cups of sugar, two eggs, two-thirds of a cup of sweet milk, one cup of butter, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Add flour enough to make a soft dough. Can use sour milk with soda.

Mock Mince Pie:—One cup of bread crumbs, one of sugar, two eggs, one and one-half cups of water, one half cup of vinegar, one small teaspoonful each of cinnamon, allspice and cloves, and a generous supply of raisins and currants. This is sufficient for three pies.

Banana Salad:—Slice crosswise, six bananas. Sprinkle with powdered sugar, then turn over them the juice of two large oranges. Let stand one hour in a cool place, and then serve.

Cheese Sandwiches:—Two cups of grated cheese, one cup of chopped English walnuts. Mix thoroughly. Spread on thin slices of bread and butter.

The editor regrets she has lost the name of the one who was so generous in sending us these fine recipes.

Fig Pudding:—One cupful of suet, chopped fine, one cupful of rolled crackers, two eggs, half a pound of figs, chopped fine, one teaspoonful of baking powder mixed through the cracker dust and one small teacupful of sugar. Add enough milk to make the mixture the thickness of fruit cake batter. Steam two hours. Serve with a sauce made of two tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of flour and one cupful of sugar. Pour on two small cupfuls of boiling water and let cook until done, then add the beaten white of one egg. Flavor.

When you are paring quinces, pare apples and put with them to make quince butter. Save peelings of both and make jelly. Both are very good.—H. M. Stuart.

Christmas Novelties in Knit Slippers

Knit slippers are among the most popular and useful of Christmas gifts. They are such convenient and comfortable things to have, and never go amiss with any member of the family. The slippers shown in the illustration are from an article in The Woman's Home Companion and the directions for making them are given here for the purpose of affording assistance and suggestions to the readers of the Blade Hohsehold.

The slippers shown at the left of the picture are dainty boots for the baby. The boot is made in the honeycomb stitch in two delicate colors, and has an open top in plain ribbing. Needless to say fourfold Germantown is the material selected, but the work is exceedingly close and fine, done with No. 16 steel needles.

Cast on ten stitches for the toe, using the color one wishes to be most in prominence over the foot, always remembering that the ribbed top should be of the other color.

Knit one row plain, then one row which is increased in the second stitch from each end. Repeat these two rows.

Fifth row—Knit four, *then knit two more, for them winding the wool double over the needle, knit two in the ordinary way, and repeat from *, ending the row with four stitches knit in the ordinary way.

On the sixth row the second color is introduced. Slip the first two stitches, *then with the second color knit two Slip the next two stitches, dropping each in one long loop, and repeat from * to the end. Throughout the row care must be taken always to keep the second color behind the work, whether in use or not.

Seventh row—Slip two, purl two (still using the second color), and repeat from beginning to the end. Here the second color must always be kept in front of the work, between it and the knitter.

Repeat the sixth and seventh rows, then repeat from the beginning of the second row until the front is half the length of the sole to be used, no matter what its size. The last row should be a repetition of the third.

Bind off the six center stitches and at each side knit a strip in pattern, long enough to reach the heel. On these side strips no increasing is done. When finished, bind off together, a stitch from each side.

Before knitting the top of the slipper work in double crochet around the opening, using the second color.

The top is knit separately. Cast on enough stitches for the opening, allowing two for each double crochet. For instance, if there are forty double crochet in the round, it will be necessary to cast on eighty stitches. Then knit one, purl one, until the top is as high as desired, and bind off loosely. Neatly overhand to double-crochet round, and run ribbon through the latter.

The second picture in the illustration are slippers for men or boys. These are plainly knit in an odd way. Equal quantities of contrasting colors of fourfold Germantown are needed—two small skeins of each—and a pair of No. 14 steel needles. Take either color and cast on twelve stitches, on them knitting two rows plain. Drop the wool, but do not break off.

Third row—Begin at the end opposite to that at which the wool hangs, and with the second color knit plain, increasing one in the stitch at each side of the two center stitches of the row. When completed fourteen stitches will be on the needle. Knit one row plain, then let the second color hang, resuming work with the first. With it knit two rows plain. So continue, making two rows of one color and two of the other, each time beginning the new color at the opposite end of the needle. Each time the first row in the second color is knit it is increased two stitches, as was the first row of that color.

When twenty-four ribs have been knit the front is long enough for a No. 7 sole. In another size knit until the length is half that of the sole, when the work is ready for the side strip.

Knit along the row to the first increasing. Bind off the four center stitches and run the remainder onto a thread. On the stitches that remain on the needle knit the four pattern rows over and over again until the strip is long enough to reach around the back of the slipper, to the other side of the front. On these rows there are of course no increasings. When the strip is long enough, bind and join, taking one stitch from the thread and one from the needle at the same time.

With the color contrasting with the surface now make double crochets around the top, putting one in each rib. Join, and fasten off.

The turnover is of the same color as the double crochet. For it cast on fifteen stitches and knit plain until the strip is long enough to fit around the top opening. Bind off and overhand neatly to the double-crochet round, then finish the edges with single crochet, using the surface color. The stars are put in with an embroidery needle, and for them, too, the surface color is taken.

No ribbon is needed for these slippers. Instead, chain a cord of the two colors worked together, run it through the double-crochet round, then finish the ends with stubby tassels cut from the wool.

The third picture shows slippers of knitting cotton in the ordinary slipper stitch. They are crocheted of white cotton No. 8, of which the average size takes about two laps.

A slipper of this material is daintiness itself, although much more practical than one of wool, because it stands better the constant friction with the floor. It is, too, easily washed, but must be removed from the sole before entering the wash tub. To make the slipper shown in our illustration, chain twelve, and on the chain make eleven single crochet.

Second row—Turn, chain one, one single crochet in each stitch excepting the center, where put three. All these stitches are taken up on the back thread, to form the rib.

Third row—Chain one, and make one single crochet in each stitch below.

Repeat these two rows for No. 5 size until ten ribs are made, then make five ribs more, on them increasing at the center of every row. The front now should be large enough—half the length of the sole.

First row of side—Make twenty-five stitches along the row as usual, chain one, skip one stitch, one single crochet in the next. Chain thirteen. This is the foundation for the turnover. Turn, work twelve single crochet on chain, and one on the last single crochet of the row. Chain one, then one single crochet in each of the twenty-five stitches along the row.

Third row—Along row as usual, chain one, one single crochet in each of the thirteen stitches of the turnover, but taking them up on the double thread, that no rib may be made. Repeat this third row until the strip is long enough to reach around the back, then joining it to the other end of the last front row, neatly overhanding them together from the wrong side.

Finish the turnover with an edge made by working * one single crochet in three consecutive stitches, chaining five, and repeating from *. Run ribbon through the holes.

An important point in slipper making is the way in which the slipper is attached to its leather foundation. Before sewing, pin the upper along the sole, with plenty of fullness at the toe and the heel, but none at all at the sides. There the work is stretched as tightly as possible, giving a narrow, shapely appearance. It therefore goes without sa ying that to secure this good effect the upper must not be longer than the sole, contrary to the belief of most workers. In fact, the upper when measured without stretching should be rather shorter than the sole if the best result is to be secured.

Boots for the Baby. Slippers for Men and Boys. Slippers of Knitting Cotton.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

WEST VIRGINIA SUNSHINE AND BLACK-EYED CLARA SEND YOU THANKSGIVING GREETINGS.

I am glad to open our column for Thanksgiving day with a letter from one of our long-time members, greeting the newcomers and calling for a return of those who used to write to the M. G. R. We have grown to be a large circle, but we follow the saying, "the more the merrier." And this is by way of a Thanksgiving greeting from me to you.—Miss Prudence.

Dear M. G. R's.—Your many wholesome and sensible letters, especially from new members, I have read with interest, and although a little timid among strangers will venture to make your acquaintance.

"Jo March" permit me to take a seat beside you, as I was very fond of Miss Alcott's heroine.

Eagle Eye and Rain Drop, such letters as yours never find their way into the waste basket. We should have tendered "Omega" a vote of thanks for his excellent letter. Come again. Your letters always recall the words of the old song, "The Girl I Loved in Sunny Tennessee."

"Miss Ouri," I came in answer to your invitation. Please do likewise, ye friends of Auld Lang Syne; Lena Rivers, Old Maid, N. Y., Addie, W. C. Whisner, Illi Nois, Q. S., Mr. and Mrs. Bro. Jonathan, N. E. G., Illinois Bach and all the others who used to write such good letters.—Olive Branch.

The turkey is the bird of importance at holiday feasting, and in this connection the following bit of information taken from one of our Thanksgiving letters, should be of interest:

The lordly bird, who is recognized king of domesticated fowls not only in our own country but in Canada, Mexico and Central America, was introduced into Europe in 1520 by the Spaniards. They discovered it in the wilds of Mexico when they conquered that country. Just where the turkey got its name is a disputed point. The name Turkey was loosely applied to all the unknown orient at the time of the discovery of America. Many people believe that the name was given to this fowl because of its supposed oriental origin. The French also had this belief when they called the turkey "coq d'inde, or Indian cock." They still call it d'Inde, or dindon.—Fannie Phillips.

Romeo from West Va., writes: I have been reading your letters for a long time and believe I have kept silent as long as I can stand it. I live among the West Virginia hills. I am a country school teacher and walk two and a half miles to my school every morning and back in the evening. I have thirty pupils, and I have my hands full.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS.

During the past week we have had the pleasure of receiving letters from West Virginia Pansy, A Tennessee Volunteer, Chatterbox, R. E. M., Seventeen Year Old School Ma'am, Independence, Geneva, Farmer's Daughter, Carrie Quella, Little Mountain Sister, and Gussie.

Granna writes to the Household Page and says: "I enjoyed Just Me's letter, and think she is blest with such a good father and the privilege of seeing the world. I wish if she saw any stray stamps that have been cancelled, while on her next journey, she would remember to save them for Granna.

Audie:—The end of your story seems to be missing. The last page ends with this: "Eunice entered again into a garden fairer by far than the first, and the stream was the stream—" It is a pretty story, but where is the end of it?

Chalmer H., New Buena Vista:—A letter written for publication in the M. G. R. column is the only price of admission. The badges are all sold. No stamp was enclosed with your letter of inquiry.

A Tennessee Volunteer:—You will see yourself in the column before very long.

Just Me:—Will you send the editor of the Household Page your address? I have something for you.

A Thanksgiving Screed

By OLIVE BRANCH

Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving! For what do we give thanks? Perhaps it will be well for us to become reminiscent for awhile, that we may be sure our hearts are attuned to the spirit of Thanksgiving.

Count your blessings;
Name them one by one.
Count your many blessings;
See what God hath done.

Very easily we will recall the gladsome days gone by when "the heavens declared the glory of God," and with loved ones we reveled in the beauty of earth and sky, bud, blossom and fruit. It is easy to recall these choicest of blessings and from our hearts to give thanks.

We thank Thee, O Father, for all that is bright—
The gleam of the day and the stars of the night,
The flowers of our youth and the fruits of our prime,
And blessings that march down the pathway of time.

But should we only give thanks for the joy and gladness that have been ours? There are many whose lives have been without these blessings, and have been touched by the hand of affliction. Yea, they have almost passed through a furnace "seven times heated." Their suffering has been so great and there have been dark, dreary days, when storm clouds have shut out every ray of sunshine. Can these, thus afflicted and tempest tossed, give thanks? Yes, oh yes! "For those whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth."

We thank Thee, O Father, for all that is drear—
The sob of the tempest, the flow of the tear;
For never in blindness, and never in vain,
Thy mercy permitted a sorrow or pain.

There are others, too, who have been burden bearers, and those who think they are "laid on the shelf" because duty has called them to labor in some field contrary to their wishes or expectations, even, it may be, amid uncongenial environment. Have you rebelled against your "prison walls," as they may have seemed to you, and longed to escape, or have you joyfully, bravely, patiently and prayerfully performed each duty by cheerful compliance and doing your very best?

Certainly you have not been in the wrong place at all. When Paul and Silas were cast into the "inner prison" down in Macedonia, and "their feet made fast in the stocks," they might not have been altogether pleased with their situation, but they did not despair; they sang praises to God. There God made use of them, right in the prison, and they helped their fellowmen. You remember how the doors of the prison were miraculously thrown open, and they were given their liberty? Surely you can give thanks whatever your present situation or environment.

We thank Thee, O Father of all, for the power
Of aiding each other in life's darkest hour,
The generous heart and the bountiful hand,
And all the soul-help that sad hearts understand.

We all recall the recent ingathering of ripe fruit and golden grain, the "harvest season" we call it. But do we come to the Lord of the harvest with some sheaf we have garnered for Him or are our hands filled with "nothing but leaves?"

We thank Thee, O Father, for song and for feast—
The harvest that glowed and the wealth that increased;
For never a blessing encompassed earth's child
But Thou in Thy mercy looked downward and smiled.

There is none so afflicted, destitute or forsaken but that they should rejoice on the day set apart for Thanksgiving. Though this life may seem shrouded in shadows "somewhere the sun is shining" and there is always a bright future to which they may look forward. As Aunt Chloe said in Uncle Tom: "Tink ob yer marcies chillen, tink ob yer marcies." Then we can all be truly thankful.

We thank Thee, oh Father, for days yet to be—
For hopes that our future will call us to Thee;
That all our eternity form, through Thy love,
One Thanksgiving day in the mansion above.

THE POETS' CORNER

Give Thanks for What?
By W. F. Croffut.

"Let earth give thanks," the deacon said,
And then the proclamation read.

"Give thanks fer what, an' what about?"
Asked Simon Soggs when church was out
"Give thanks fer what? I don't see why;
The rust got in an' spiled the rye,
And hay wan't half a crop, and corn
All wilted down and looked forlorn;
The bugs jest gobbled my pertaters,
The what-you-call-'em lineaters,
And gracious! when you come to wheat,
There's more than all the world can eat;
Onless a war should interfere,
Crops won't bring half a price this year;
I'll hev to give 'em away, I reckon!"
"Good for the poor!" exclaimed the deacon.

"Give thanks fer what?" asked Simon Soggs,
"Fer th' freshet carryin' off my logs?
Fer Dobbin goin' blind? Fer five
Uv my best cows, that was alive
Afore the smashin' railroad come
And made it awful troublesome?
Fer that hay-stack the lightnin' struck
And burnt to ashes?—thund'rin luck!
Fer ten dead sheep?" sighed Simon Soggs.
The deacon said, "You've got yer hogs-"
"Give thanks? And Jane and baby sick?
I e'enmost wonder if ole Nick
Ain't runnin' things!"
The deacon said,
"Simon! yer people might be dead!"

'Give thanks?" said Simon Soggs again,
"Jest look at what a fix we're in!
The country's rushin' to the dogs
At race-horse speed!" said Simon Soggs,
"Rotten all through—in every state—
Why, ef we don't repudiate,
We'll hev to build, fer big and small,
A poor-house that'll hold us all.
All round the crookedy whiskey still
Is runnin' like the devil's mill;
Give thanks? Haw mad it makes me feel,
To think how office-holders steal!
The taxes paid by you and me
Is four times bigger'n they should be;
The Fed'ral Gov'ment's all askew,
The ballot's sech a mockery, too!
Some votes too little, some too much,
Some not at all—it beats the Dutch!
And now no man knows what to do,
Or how is how, or who is who.
Deacon! corruption's sure to kill!
This glorious Union never will,
I'll bet a continental cent,
Elect another President!
Give thanks fer what, I'd like to know?"

The deacon answered, sad and low,
"Simon, it fills me with surprise,
Ye don't see whar yer duty lies;
Kneel right straight down, in all the muss,
And thank God that it ain't no wuss.

Original Yankee Doodle.

Dad and I went to town,
Along with Captain Gordon,
And there we saw the Yankee boys,
As thick as hasty pudding.

Chorus.

Corn cobs twist your hair,
Cart wheels surround you,
Fiery dragons carry you off,
And mortal pestal pound you.

There was General Washington,
And all the folks about him,
They swore they got so tarnal proud
They couldn't do without him.

And there we saw a great big thing,
As big as a log of maple,
And every time they wheeled it round,
It took two yoke of cattle.

And when they went to fire it off,
It took a horn of powder,
It made a noise like dad's old gun,
Only tarnation louder.

And they had a little thing,
All bound around with leather,
With two little sticks to beat upon,
To call the men together.

And there we saw a little thing,
With six holes bored into it,
And every time 'twas blowed upon
I thought the de'il was in it.

And there we saw them with big knives
Stuck in a piece of leather,
And when the captain cried, "draw!"
They all drawed out together.

Chorus.

Corn cobs twist your hair,
Cart wheels surround you,
Fiery dragons carry you off,
And mortal pestals pound you!

Who Will Greet Me First in Heaven?

Who will greet me first in heaven,
When that blissful realm I gain?
When the hands have ceased from toiling,
When the heart hath ceased from pain;
When the last farewell is spoken,
Severed the last tender tie,
And I know how sweet, how solemn,
And how blest it is to die.

Chorus—
Home, sweet home,
That home so bright and fair;
O home, sweet home,
O who will greet me there?

Who will greet me first in glory?
Oft the earnest thought will rise,
Musing on the unknown wonders,
Of that home beyond the skies;
Who will be my heav'nly mentor?
Will it be some seraph bright?
Or an angel from the countless,
Myriads of that world of light?

No, not these, for they have never,
Gladdened here my mortal view,
But the loved ones gone before me,
They whi walked my life's pathway,
From my side by death were riven,
They who loved me best in this world,
First will greet me home in heav'n.

The Blind Child.

They say, dear father, that tonight you'll
wed another bride,
That you'll clasp her in your arms where
my dear mother died.
That she will lean her graceful head upon
your loving breast,
Where she who now lies low in death, in
her last hours did rest.
They say her name is Mary, too, the
name my mother bore.
But, father, is she good and true, like the
one you loved before?
And are her steps so soft and low, her
voice so meek and mild?
Onless a war should interfere,
And, father, will she love me, too, your
blind and helpless child?
Please, father, do not bid me come, to
greet your newmade bride.
I could not greet her in the room where
my dear mother died.
Her picture's hanging on the wall, her
books are lying near,
And there's the harp her fingers touched,
and there's her vacant chair,
The chair whereby I used to kneel to say
my evening prayer—
Dear father, it would break my heart, I
could not greet her there,
And as I cry myself to sleep, as now I
often do,
Then softly to my chamber creep, my
new mamma and you;
Then bid her gently press a kiss upon my
throbbing brow,
Just as my dear mamma did; papa, you're
weeping now.
I know I love you, papa dear, but now I
long to go
Where God is light, and I'm sure there'll
be no blind ones there.
Now let me kneel down by your side and
to our dear Savior pray
That God's right hand may lead you both
up life's long, weary way."
The prayer was offered, and a song, "I'm
weary now," she said.
Her father raised her in his arms and
laid her on the bed,
And as he turned to leave the room, one
joyful cry was given.
He turned and caught the last, sweet
smile—his blind child was in heaven.
They buried her by her mother's side and
raised a marble fair,
On it inscribed these simple words:
"There'll Be No Blind Ones There."

Dreaming of Home and Mother.

Dreaming of home, dear old home,
Home of my childhood and mother.
Oft' when I wake 'tis sweet to find,
I've been dreaming of home and mother.
Home, dear home, childhood's happy
home,
Where I played with sister and with
brother,
'Twas the sweetest joy when we did roam
Over hill and through dale with mother.

CHORUS.

Dreaming of home, dear old home,
Home of my childhood and mother.
Oft' when I wake 'tis sweet to find
I've been dreaming of home and mother.

Childhood has come, come again,
Sleeping I see my dear mother,
See her loved form beside me kneel
While I'm dreaming of home and
mother.
Angels come soothing me to rest.
I can feel their presence as none other,
For they sweetly say, I shall be blessed
With bright visions of home and
mother.

Sleep, balmy sleep, close mine eyes,
Keep me still thinking of mother.
Hark! 'Tis her voice I seem to hear.
Yes, I'm dreaming of home and mother,
Mother dear, whisper to me now,
Tell me of my sister and my brother.
Now I feel thy hand upon my brow,
While I'm dreaming of home and
mother.

They Are Gone.

They are gone, all gone, from the mountain home,
Where the wild bees hum and the bright birds roam,
Where the heath flowers wave in the scented breeze,
And the warblers sing 'mid tall green trees.

They are gone, all gone, from the mountain home,
Where the waters glide and the moonbeams roam,
Where the lily bell blooms like a star o'er the wave,
And the willow bough bends its leaves to lave.

They are gone, all gone, from the mountain home,
And their songs not heard o'er the hills to roam,
And the echoing notes of the hunter's horn
Have all passed away like the summer's morn.

They are gone, all gone, both the young and gay,
And the wild bees hum and the bright birds play,
But the glen is lone where the young deer roam;
They are gone, all gone, from the mountain home.

POEMS WANTED.

Requested: The Dying Saint's Farewell to Time, beginning:

Farewell, old sun as thou hast reached the morn,
My soul shall gild its wings in Capricorn.

Other verses inquired for are: Wake Nicodemus, by Henry C. Work, and Digging Graves by the Wild Sea Shore.

This list of songs is wanted: Tenting Tonight On the Old Camp Ground, Won't You Take Me Back to Dixie, The Dying Cowboy, and Sweet Marie.

Another list is: Pulling Hard Against the Stream; When You're Dreaming; Mollie Darling; My Darling, Sweet Norie O'Neal; When Johnny Comes Marching Home; Mister Captain, Stop the Ship; There's Wine and Cider in the Cellar; Out in the Stormy Night Sadly I Roam, and Give Us Your Answer True.

A veteran of the civil war would like the words of a poem entitled, My Old Canteen.

Other songs wanted are, You Are Just a Little Too Small; Don't Stay After Ten, and The Old Hickory Cane.

What is the rest of this:
Tymochtle, Sandusky, and Brokensword streams,
No more shall I see you except in my dreams.
The deer and the turkey we tracked through the snow,
But now I must leave them—alas! I must go.

Pansy wishes the words of the song entitled, Little Black Mustache.

The balance of the following poem is asked for:
Low down in that beautiful valley,
Where love crowns the meek and lowly,
Where the rude storms of envy and folly
Shall roll on ye billows in vain.

A LITTLE CHAT.

In response to recent requests we have received the following poems: Just Across the Bridge of Gold, The Romish Lady, Beyond the Silent River, Answer to Just Before the Battle, and I'm Going Home to Clo.

J. H. Lance:—The Blade does not intend to ignore anyone, and the editor of the Poets' Corner has no way of knowing who is or who is not a subscriber. Ask your sister to send in her request again. We want to please everyone.

The Lonely Mother:—Thank you, very much for your interest. We already have a copy of The Romish Lady, but were interested in reading about the old book.

John S. Remington:—Is the poem you write of too long to print in the Poets' Corner? We should rather have it sent to us, so that all our readers may have the benefit.

SKIN SORE FOR 8 YEARS

Spent $300 on Doctors and Remedies, But Got No Relief—Work Often Impossible—Trouble Gone—Cured in a Week by Cuticura.

"Up to a week or so ago I had tried many other remedies and several doctors, and spent about three hundred dollars, without any success, but this week the seventh day that I have been using Cuticura Remedies (costing $1.50), which have cured me completely, so that I could work again tonight. My trouble was as follows: Upon the limbs and between the toes my skin was rough and sore, and also sore under the arms, and I had to stay at home several times because of this affection. I had been suffering for eight years and have now been cured by the Cuticura Remedies within a week. I shall recommend it to my friends. Fritz Hirschiaff, 24 Columbus Ave., New York, N. Y., March 29 and April 6, 1906."

COAST IS STORM SWEPT

Ships Driven Ashore and Broken Up.

In Pennsylvania Snow Storm Is Interfering With Railroad Traffic and Telephones.

Delaware Breakwater, Del., Nov. 25.—A severe northeast gale swept the coast yesterday and shipping has probably suffered severely. The schooner L. M. Bird, from Charleston, S. C., for New York, dragged her anchors while off Cape Henlopen and was blown on the beach at Lewis. Life-savers brought ashore Captain Boldts' wife and child, but the captain and the crew decided to stand by the vessel. Her situation is dangerous, as the gale continues and the schooner may pound to pieces.

William J. Walker, an oiler aboard the tug Luckenbach, lost his life as the result of the storm. He was dashed against the machinery by the rolling of the tug and received injuries which caused his death.

New York Wind-Swept.

New York, Nov. 25.—New York was wind swept and rain-soaked yesterday in the heavy storm which came booming up the Atlantic coast from Cape Hatteras, sending ships scurrying to port and keeping others hugging their anchorages in the harbor. The weather bureau reported that the wind here reached a maximum velocity of 46 miles, while at the easterly end of Long Island last night it was skipping along at a velocity of 64 miles. The rainfall from 1 o'clock yesterday morning to 8 o'clock last night was officially reported at 1.39 inches.

Shipping Endangered.

Boston, Nov. 25.—Endangering the shipping all along the Massachusetts coast and tying up many vessels in the harbors, a northeasterly gale blowing at 60 miles an hour set in yesterday afternoon and last night was kicking up a heavy sea. A light rain which fell during the latter part of the day turned into a downpour at dusk. Two passenger steamers were forced by the gale to seek shelter in Provincetown harbor during the day.

Few vessels sailed from any harbor along the coast during the day.

Steamer Goes Aground.

Plymouth, Mass., Nov. 25.—Seeking shelter in the harbor for the night, the Provincetown schooner Lucy, Captain Frank Sous, went aground on Brown's Island, at the entrance of the harbor, and was completely broken up by the driving seas.

The life-savers succeeded in taking off the crew.

Philadelphia, Nov. 25.—Philadelphia and vicinity had its first taste of winter yesterday, when the Atlantic coast storm brought with it sleet and snow. The wind rose to a velocity of 40 miles an hour, and the heavy rain accompanying it turned to sleet and snow in the evening. Beyond some interference with telegraphic communication, the storm did little damage hereabouts.

Enveloped in Snow.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Nov. 25.—The Wyoming valley is enveloped in a snowstorm and it is interfering materially with the telephone and electric and steam railroad service. Snow lies several inches deep on the mountains.

BOAT CREW EXONERATED

Was Alleged They Endangered President Roosevelt's Life.

Cario, Ill., Nov. 22.—Exoneration from the charge of reckless navigation, which it was alleged endangered the life of the President of the United States during the trip from Cario to Memphis, was obtained yesterday for the officers and crew of the steamer Dick Fowler, which were found not guilty by United States Inspectors Waltz and Hodge, of Memphis. The charges were brought by Commander L. S. Van Duser, U. S. N., inspector of the fifteenth and sixteenth lighthouse districts, who was on the lighthouse tender Lily, which acted as escort to the steamer Mississippi, the boat on which President Roosevelt traveled from Keokuk, Iowa, to Memphis, the Fowler was accused specifically of running by the Lily without sounding her whistle and running too close to the steamer Mississippi.

JOY CAUSES A COLLAPSE

Mrs. Hartje Unable to Leave Her Room.

Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 22.—Joy over the decision of the superior court in Philadelphia yesterday proved too much for Mrs. Mary Scott Hartje, sued for divorce by Augustus Hartje, the millionaire paper manufacturer, and she is reported in a state of collapse at Ligonier, Pa., her temporary home since the trial here.

Mrs. Hartje was called to the telephone and without warning told that the superior court had affirmed the findings of the lower court and that she had won a complete victory. She turned pale and swayed towards a chair, saying, "I've won. Oh, how happy I am. Please send word to my father.

Then she broke into hysterical sobbing and sank helplessly to the floor.

She is reported unable to leave her room.

GRAY ENTERTAINS BRYAN

Now Men Wonder if They Agree on Political Issues.

Wilmington, Del., Nov. 25.—William Jennings Bryan lectured last night at the Garrick theatre under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. The meeting was presided over by Judge George Gray, who entertained Mr. Bryan during his stay in this city. The fact that Judge Gray, who did not support Mr. Bryan for the presidency, had invited the Nebraskan, gave rise to much speculation as to whether the two are now in accord on political issues.

THE OCEAN BED CHANGED

Recent Upheavals Caused by Submarine Volcanic Action.

Mexico City, Nov. 21.—Navigators plying in the gulf trade bring to the capital reports of effects of a great upheaval off the coast of Yucatan due to submarine volcanic actions.

They declare that in the recent upheaval, which resulted in the killing of tons of fish on the gulf coast, the bed of the ocean was changed and that soundings show great depths where formerly were shallow places and vice versa. They report also that a number of small islands were inundated.

Bar Name of Christ From New York Public Schools

New York, Nov. 21.—Orders that no hymn nor carol containing mention of Christ or Christmas shall henceforth be sung in the public schools of New York, were given yesterday by the board of education. Following the announcement loud protests were uttered in every section of the city.

Emphatic instructions were given by Frank R. Rix, general musical director, toall the teachers under him, that in no circumstances, during the approaching Christmastide particularly, are they to permit pupils to sing any songs that shall contain any word or phrase which would accentuate religious significance.

That the sectarian references, which include the name of Christ and mention of Christmas, are being elliminated from the song books in use in the public schools of the city was a surprising bit of information which was disclosed with the announcement of Mr. Rix's action. All the books are now in the hands of the printers for revision.

The decision of the board of education to take the radical step resulted from the agitation of a year ago, when a representation of orthodox Jews appeared before the board and complained that the Christmas festival as celebrated in the schools was essentially sectarian. At that time no action was taken.

THIRTEEN DIE IN FIRE

Supposed to Be Work of Incendiaries Seeking Revenge.

But Succumbed Before They Could Reach Fire Escapes Many Are Injured.

New York, Nov. 25.—Thirteen persons lost their lives and several others were injured early today in a tenement house at 109th street and Second avenue. All the dead were Italians. Seven of the thirteen were children. The bodies were found huddled together in rooms on the top floor of the four-story building, where the terror-stricken people had been driven by the flames which rushed up from the lower floors. They had succumbed before they could reach windows which led to the fire escapes. Some had been enveloped in the flames and burned. Others, overcome by smoke, were spared the agonies of death in the flames.

Work of Incendiaries.

That the fatal fire was the work of incendiaries who sought revenge, is the opinion of the police and firemen who made the first hasty examination. Three weeks ago three Italians were caught in the act of attempting to rob a safe in the saloon of Guiseppe Cudano, on the ground floor. The safe contained over $2,000, which the saloonkeeper's friends had withdrawn from banks during the money panic. The would-be robbers were arrested, and are now awaiting trial.

The fire of today started in Cudano's saloon, and the police believe that it may have been the work of friends of the prisoners, who took this means of squaring the account with the saloonkeeper.

Cudano discovered the fire when he went down to open his place of business early this morning. As he opened the door he was met by a rush of flames, and without waiting a moment to investigate, dashed up the stairs to the tenements above crying out for the occupants of the building to run for their lives. When he reached the rooms occupied by his own family he burst in the door, and carrying his young son, Domonio, in his arms, told Mrs. Cudano and other members of the family to follow.

Women Met Death.

Cudano and the boy managed to find their way down the stairs to the street, but before the women could get through, the flames had cut off exit by that avenue. It is supposed that Mrs. Cudano and the other children sought safety in the upper part of the building.

Just what happened in the burning building before the fire was checked never will be known.

So quickly did the flames spread that almost before the firemen arrived the whole building was a furnace and it was impossible for anyone to enter. Even the cries of the agonized women and children were drowned by the roar and crackle of the flames, the hissing engines, and the frantic babbling crowd which pressed as closely as possible to the fire lines.

Not a single person was seen to appear at any of the windows of the blazing building with the exception of those on the second floor, from which several persons reached the fire escapes and were rescued.

The reason for this was explained when, after the flames had been partially checked, firemen fought through the smoke to the upper floors.

Found Piles of Dead.

There they came upon piles of dead where they had fallen victims to the rush of flames and smoke, even before they had a chance to attempt to save themselves. In one of the heaps the firemen found a woman who had made one last desperate effort to save the life of her baby even when she knew that she herself was doomed to a horrible death. She folded her arms tightly around the little one, and then huddled down close to the floor, her own body protecting that of the child. The mother's body was badly burned. That of the child bore scarcely a mark, but it was dead from suffocation.

On every side of the mother and child lay the bodies of other victims.

DECLARES PEOPLE ARE TIRING OF RELIGION.

Berlin, Nov. 21. — General Booth, in an address here to the Salvation Army, said that people everywhere seemed to be tiring of religion. He believed there were two million persons in London who never entered a church.

It was the same in Europe and America, and even in heathen countries.

SAILED 40 MILES AN HOUR

Stevens Balloon No. 21 Attains High Speed.

New Haven, Conn., Nov. 20.—The Stevens balloon No. 21, which ascended at Pittsfield, Mass., yesterday, with Leo Stevens as pilot and A. Holland Forbes of New York, as a passenger, made a safe landing at 4:15 o'clock yesterday afternoon on the farm of Henry Clark, in Orange.

The anchor caught in a barbed wire fence and the transfer to earth was without difficulty. Mr. Stevens said that after rising at Pittsfield they circled for some time, struck a current which bore them in an easterly direction and later entered the southerly current which carried them down towards the coast. The big balloon went along at a height of two miles, the aeronauts finding the temperature at that altitude quite warm.

The greatest speed attained was forty miles an hour. When the balloonists saw that they were close to Long Island Sound, in view of the direction of the wind it was thought best to make a landing rather than to attempt to complete the journey to New York as had been originally planned.

Just Back From Civil War

Waterbury, Conn., Nov. 20.—After an absence of forty-five years Barnes Gilbert returned to Connecticut yesterday, stopping at New Haven to see an oldtime Yale friend, Charles B. Everett. He found that Everett had died forty-three years ago, and the latter's widow returned to Gilbert a bracelet and big gold watch deposited with her husband by Gilbert when the latter left the state to join the Union forces.

His own wife, whom he had left during a quarrel, he found had been buried in Pine Grove cemetery by her third husband, she having supposed that he had been killed in the war. Gilbert was in the wilds of Arizona. He left town for the war because he was anxious to escape arrest for whipping a policeman. This policeman, now a crippled pedler, was the first man to greet Gilbert when the latter jumped from the train yesterday in New Haven.

JOHN D. ISSUES DENIAL

Declares He Is Not Hoarding Government Bonds.

Says He Does Not Own, Nor Has He Owned During Flurry Such Bonds.

New York, Nov. 20.—John D. Rockefeller is not hoarding government bonds, according to a statement issued last night by those who said they were authorized to speak for him. The statement follows:

"John D. Rockefeller authorizes the following: 'I am informed that there have appeared in several newspapers, recently, reports that I possess one hundred million dollars of United States government bonds which I have refused to loan or sell for the purpose of helping the situation, or of aiding additional circulation by the banks.

"'I do not own at the present time, nor have I owned at any time during the recent crisis any United States government bonds whatever.'"

TROOPS ARE CALLED OUT

Railroad Strikers in India Are Looting Cars.

Calcutta, Nov. 21.—A British regiment has left Fort William for Asansol, Bengal, the junction of the East Indian and Bengal-Nagpur railroad, where the railroad strikers are looting cars. Government business is almost at a standstill as Simla, the official capital, is isolated. Steamers are unable to sail as they lack both coal and cargo. The prices of provisions are rapidly rising here.

ROYAL COUPLE SEPARATED

Princess Elizabeth Leaves Prince Albert of Belgium.

Vienna, Nov. 23.—A Brussels despatch, published in the newspaper Die Zeit, reports that Princess Elizabeth has left her husband, Prince Albert of Belgium, heir to the throne, and will not return to Belgium. She is said to be with her parents in Munich.

Prince Albert, who is the son of King Leopoid's brother, the late Philippe Count of Flanders, was married to Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria in 1900. They have three children.

CLEVELAND IS IMPROVED

Reports of Ex-President's Illness Were Exaggerated.

Princeton, N. J., Nov. 25.—It was declared at the residence of Grover Cleveland today that the report of his illness was exaggerated, and that he has been suffering only from an attack of indigestion from which he had completely recovered this morning. Doctor Carnochan, Mr. Cleveland's physician, visited his patient this morning and after an investigation stated that Mr. Cleveland was up and moving around the house, and apparently showing no signs of yesterday's attack of his old enemy, from which he has suffered for years, whenever he eats imprudently.

AMEND TEMPERANCE BILL

Alabama Clubs Already Organized Not Affected.

Montgomery, Ala., Nov. 23.—After voting decisively against the consideration of the Carmichael prohibition club bill, the senate yesterday afternoon retracted its action and passed the bill, amended so that clubs organized and chartered prior to November 1, 1907, do not come under the provisions of the act. It is also provided that individual club members cannot be held responsible for the violations of the act of the original bill.

47 KILLED IN ONE MONTH

This the Record of Car Accidents in New York.

New York, Nov. 23.—A report of accidents on railroads and street railways in Greater New York made to the public service commission yesterday shows that during the month of October 47 persons were killed and 4,966 injured.

The report states that 593 persons were injured while alighting, and 510 in boarding cars. Car collisions with vehicles caused injuries to 791 persons, while 603 employes were hurt in the performance of their duties.

SUM OF $12,349,000 ADDED

Immense Amount Gold Comes to America Today.

New York, Nov. 23.—The sum of $12,349,000 in gold from Europe was added to the currency of this country today when 325 boxes of the precious metal were landed from the liners Mauretania, Baltic and LaSavoie. The Mauretania brought by far the largest amount, or $10,974,000, the Baltic $875,000 and the LaSavoie $500,000. All possible haste was made in the removal of this big sum to the vaults of the banks, so that it might be available for use today. Most of it reached the banks in time to be of service.

FORM ROOSEVELT CLUB.

Lincoln, Neb., Nov. 22.—At a meeting here last night of 300 Nebraska Republicans the Nebraska Roosevelt club was organized, and a declaration was adopted in favor of the renomination of the President. Former Congressman Jesse B. Strode was elected president.

JOHNSON WATERED STOCK

Charge Made Against Cleveland Mayor by Ivins.

Such Transactions Should Be Made Impossible, Says Ivins.

New York, Nov. 23.—William M. Ivins, while investigating the affairs of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit company for the Public Service Commission, yesterday afternoon declared that Mayor Tom L. Johnson, of Cleveland, and his friends who formerly owned the Nassau Electric Railway company, of Brooklyn, had watered its stock to the extent of $6,250,000, and then sold it to the Brooklyn Rapid Transit company. This was alleged to have taken place in a reorganization of the Nassau company in January, 1899.

Questioning Timothy S. Williams, vice president of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit company, about the reorganization of the Nassau company, Mr. Ivins said: "On that reorganization, I find that they increased their bond issue, which there-

WILLIAM MILLS IVINS
FROM KING'S NOTABLE NEW YORKERS

tofore had been $5,500,000, by an additional $8, 946,960. They made an entirely new issue of preferred stock of $6,000,000, they theretofore having no preferred stock and that to the theretofore existing $6,000,000 of common stock they added $2,500,000, making a total of new issues of $17,946,960. Can you tell me what these new securities were issued for?"

Mr. Williams said an explanation of the transaction was given in an agreement which Mr. Ivins had, but this was not read. Williams also contended that if the Brooklyn Rapid Transit company, bought $6,250,000 of water, it had subsequently squeezed it out.

"I cannot agree with you," said Mr. Ivins. "It looks to me like a plain case of stock watering, and the company had no right to charge that $6,000,000 on its books to the cost and equipment of the road. It was wrong in principle, and if it was not then against the law, the law ought to be amended so as to make such a transaction impossible."

HUNDREDS ARE CONVERTED

Following Powerful Address by Y. M. C. A. Secretary.

Washington, Nov. 25.—The climax in the evangelistic campaign which the International Young Men's Christian Associations of North America are conducting in this city in connection with their 36th annual convention, was reached yesterday, when several hundred young men signified a desire to accept Christ, following a powerful address by Fred E. Smith, of New York, international secretary of the Y. M. C. A., at Convention hall.

Mr. Smith deprecated giving up the Sabbath day to popular amusements. He declared that the cry for the superficial pleasures of the hour is causing men to forget God. Another reason Mr. Smith gave why countless thousands forget God was because of the great prosperity of this land. "When men are well fed," said Mr. Smith, "they forget God."

PENSION FOR EDUCATORS

Discussed at Meeting of Carnegie Foundation Trustees.

New York, Nov. 21.—Whether the Carnegie Foundation for the advancement of teachers should provide pensions for retired professors of state universities, as well as those of other institutions of learning, was considered at a meeting of the board of trustees of foundation yesterday.

Henry S. Pritchett, president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and of the foundation, contended that the various states should take care of their university professors, saying that if the foundation pensioned them, it would establish a dangerous precedent and relieve the states of all responsibility. Dr. C. R. Van Hise, president of the University of Wisconsin, who represented a committee of state university presidents, maintained, however, that the university presidents had no control over the legislatures and unless their professors were pensioned by the foundation, they would probably never be pensioned at all. Action in the matter was deferred.

Among the trustees present today were: Charles W. Eliot, Harvard, who presided; Nicholas H. Butler, Columbia; Woodrow Wilson, Princeton; Jacob G. Schurman, Cornell; David Starr Jordan, Leland Stanford, Jr., and William Peterson, McGill University, Montreal.

CROOKES TO GET PRIZE

London Professor Will Receive Nobel Award.

Stockholm, Nov. 25.—The next Nobel prize for chemistry will be awarded to Sir William Crookes, of London.

Sir William Crookes discovered thallium, an element, in 1861, and invented the radiometer in 1874. He was knighted in 1897 and has been closely identified with many of the most important advances in science. Prof. Crookes recently discovered a process of extracting nitric acid from the atmosphere, which, it was announced, would soon be available for commercial, industrial and agricultural purposes and would revolutionize the world's food problem.

KAISER'S HEALTH IMPROVES

William Will Prolong His Visit at Highcliffe.

London, Nov. 25.—Emperor William continues to improve in health, and enjoys the daily walks and drives about the neighborhood of Highcliffe. He has decided to prolong his stay for a week or two beyond the fortnight originally contemplated, and is planning short sea cruises in addition to motor drives.

WAS WITH JOHN BROWN.

Red Bank, N. J., Nov. 22.—Captain James H. Holmes, one of the last of John Brown's band of abolitionists, died here last night, aged 74. He accompanied John Brown to Kansas in the 50's, and afterwards saw active service in the civil war. He was territorial secretary of New Mexico under President Lincoln.

HEAVY HOMEWARD RUSH

Foreigners Flocking to Europe by Thousands.

Steamers to Try to Handle Apple Shipments to Exclusion of Other Business.

New York, Nov. 23.—Serious freight congestion threatens all foreign shippers because of the unprecedented homeward rush of foreigners. The eastward bound steerage travel during the past six weeks has been unparalleled and the demand for accommodations has been so great that bookings have been closed weeks in advance of sailings. The Main of the North German Lloyd line, which sailed on Thursday, carried 2,465 steerage passengers, and even up to the minute of sailing there were hundreds of persons waiting on the piers for accommodations. Bookings for steerage on the Seydlitz, of the same line, which is to sail Wednesday next, have been closed for several days, and no more steerage tickets are being sold for the Koenig Albert, which will sail November 30 for Mediterranean ports.

European freight at this time of year is very heavy, and with the enormous increase in steerage travel, many lines are finding it difficult to handle all. European shipments now consist largely of apples, of which 168,170 barrels have been exported so far this year. The Main carried 8,200 barrels and 2,200 boxes of apples. These apple shipments will likely continue until after the holidays, and it is said that the steamships will try to handle them, even to the exclusion of other business.

The eastward bound steerage or third class travel from January 1 to November 15, 1907, is already 110,000 in excess of what it was for the same period of 1906. These second classes eastward bound is 14,000 in excess of what it was last year, and both the second and third class figures will be largely augmented during the next few weeks.

ASKS FOR THE MILITIA

Demonstration Against Foreigners is Feared.

Burlington, N. J., Nov. 23.—As a direct result of the murder of E. S. Jefferson, a merchant, here, Thursday night, Patrolman George Gusrange was murdered this morning by a mysterious stranger, who afterward attempted to commit suicide. A party of men were assembled in the saloon of George Garwood, when there entered a young man, apparently a foreigner, who started a discussion about the killing of Jefferson. The men attempted to evade him and walked into the street.

Policeman Gusrange came along as the stranger emerged from the saloon and approached the group of men on the sidewalk. Without warning, the stranger drew a revolver and fired two shots at the policeman, one of which penetrated the heart and the other his groin. As Gusrange fell dead the stranger stepped toward the curb and, placing the pistol to his head, pulled the trigger. He fell mortally wounded.

The murder and attempted suicide, following so closely upon the Jefferson murder, has aroused the community, and Mayor Ruhe has asked Capt. Stone, of the National Guard of New Jersey, to call out the troops for fear of demonstrations against the foreigners here.

FAMINE IS THREATENED

Heavy Rains Have Disastrous Effects on Crops.

Stockholm, Nov. 21.—Famine conditions are threatening the Vesternorrland and Vesterbotten districts of Lapland, where deluging rains have had disastrous effects on the crops. Official advices say that the threshed barley only weighs 54 kilograms per bushel, instead of the usual 112, that bread baked therefrom is black, and almost worthless as food, and that the milch cows must be slaughtered to prevent the people from dying of starvation.

The Swedish cabinet has been petitioned to remove the duty on grain, in order to alleviate the threatened starvation.

JEW TO BE MAYOR OF ROME

Anti-Clericals, Who Won at Elections, Will Name Him.

Rome, Nov. 22.—The anti-Clericals, who gained a great victory in the general municipal elections held in this city November 10, have decided to elect Ernest Nathan mayor of Rome. Mr. Nathan's family extended hospitality in England to Geuseppe Mazzini when he was exiled from his native country. Ernest Nathan was originally an Englishman; it was only a few years ago that he became an Italian subject. He will be the first Jew to be made mayor of Rome. He is a former ex-grand master of the Free Masons.

FOUR FOREIGNERS KILLED

Had Placed Dynamite Near a Fire to Thaw.

Spokane, Wash., Nov. 20.—Four foreigners were killed and three injured in an explosion at a construction camp on the Portland & Seattle road, twelve miles south of Cheney, Wash., yesterday, while thawing dynamite for blasting. Some of the bodies were blown into fragments. One of the injured is Charles Pascuzzi, foreman of the gang.

The men had placed the dynamite near a fire to thaw and saw it had caught fire. Four of them ran to the fire to take the rest of the dynamite out of the way of the flames when it exploded.

DRINK AND FOOD IN THEM

Armour Company Defends Its Sausages in Court.

Lansing, Mich., Nov. 21.—Alleging that the United States pure food department recognizes water and cereals as proper ingredients of sausages, the Armour Beef company of Chicago yesterday secured in the circuit court here a temporary injunction restraining the Michigan state food department from threatening to arrest the company's agents or other dealers for selling the Armour sausages. The company alleges that by reason of this threat it has suffered a loss of $100,000 in ten months. The company recently secured a temporary injunction in Berrien county, restraining the food department from publishing the statement that the Armour sausages were adulterated, but the injunction was afterwards dissolved.

ZELAYA FAVORS UNION.

Managua, Nicaragua, Nov. 22.—The idea of a union of the republics of Central America, which has again been brought to the fore since the Central American peace conference began its sittings at Washington, finds enthusiastic support from General Zelaya, president of Nicaragua, who confirms the statement that he is ready to resign office in order to facilitate the reconstruction of this republic.

Bones of Columbus in New York

New York, Nov. 23.—Among the relics disclosed by the opening of the metal box which for more than twenty years rested in the cornerstone of the old Consolidated Exchange building at Broadway and Exchange Place, now being torn down, were particles of the bones of Christopher Columbus in a gold mounted urn.

Accompanying the urn was a letter from G. W. Stokes, addressed to Charles G. Wilson, who at the time of the laying of the cornerstone of the old structure was president of the Consolidated Exchange.

The letter, bearing the date of September 7, 1887, states that the bones were obtained from Jesus Castillo, a Cuban engineer, who, while repairing the walls of the cathedral in Santo Domingo, in 1877, uncovered a lead casket containing the bones of the discoverer of America. The Dominican authorities took charge of the bones, but not before Castillo had abstracted a rib from the casket.

CRISIS SEEMS IMMINENT

Anti-Dynastic Agitation in Portugal Is Growing.

King Carlos' Father Demands His Abdication or a Change of Policy.

Madrid, Nov. 23.—Uncensored mail advices from Portugal indicate the anti-dynastic agitation is growing and that a crisis seems imminent. The Liberal says it has received confirmation of the report of the banishment of the crown prince of Portugal, Louis Philippe, to the Villa Vicosa, where one of the royal residences is situated

KING CARLOS.

in a forest, 15 miles in circumference, and walked in. The paper says the prince's banishment folowed a tempestuous scene between Louis Philippe and his father, in which the former demanded that King Carlos either change his policy or abdicate.

Leaders to Meet.

Lisbon, Nov. 23.—The leaders of the two monarchist parliamentary groups opposed to the dictatorship of Premier Franco, will meet tonight and decide on a course of action.

GENERAL G. E. POND DEAD

Stricken With Apoplexy and Dies in Few Hours.

Winston Salem, N. C., Nov. 21.—Brigadier General George E. Pond, U. S. A., retired, was stricken with apoplexy here last night and died in a few hours.

General Pond served in the civil war as a private in company K, Twenty-first Connecticut volunteer infantry. In 1868 he was appointed to a cadetship at the military academy at West Point, and entered the army as second lieutenant of cavalry in 1872. He rose successively through the various grades and January 30, 1904, he was commissioned colonel and assistant quartermaster general in the regular army. He was retired with the rank of brigadier general within the past year. He was born in Connecticut in 1847.

BATTLE IN THE STREETS

Portuguese Royal Troops and Insurgents Clash.

Critical Situation in Portugal Is Outcome of Scandalous Political Conditions.

Paris, Nov. 25.—A special despatch from Madrid to the Echo De Paris, says it is rumored that collisions have occurred between the troops and insurgents in Lisbon and that many persons have been killed and wounded.

Persons arriving from Lisbon, the despatch states, report that Colonel Tasta, aide to King Carlos, has resigned and that several regiments of doubtful loyalty have been disarmed. All leading politicians, the despatch adds, are being shadowed by detectives and many persons are leaving the country. The king has refused to sign a decree extending martial law throughout the whole kingdom.

Says Republic Inevitable.

Senor Lima, the proprietor of the newspaper Vanguardia, of Lisbon, which was suppressed, is now in Paris and considers that a republic is inevitable and that the issue will be decided before January 1. He declares that the people are hostile to a dynasty and that the army is disaffected.

"If the king cedes," he said, "there will be a peaceful republic as in the case of Brazil. If he does not there will be revolution with all its violent consequences."

A correspondent of the Temps, who has just returned after an investigation of affairs in Portugal and who has had interviews with King Carlos, Premier Franco and ex-Premier Castro, ex-Minister of Justice and Worship D'Alpoim and Senor Vilhena, councillor of state, and other opposition leaders, makes clear that the situation is the outgrowth of scandalous political conditions and affairs which have been endured for years. The main object of the members of the progressive and regeneration parties, alike under the rotative system, he says, was to preserve personal emoluments, and whether in office or out they protected each other's sinecures, while at the same time the members of the royal family got "advances" which were never repaid.

King Is a Prisoner.

Madrid, Nov. 25.—The Liberal has received a letter which escaped the censor, says that the palace in Lisbon is surrounded by loyal troops, but that the king is practically a prisoner. The government will be interpellated on what attitude it will take with regard to the Portuguese crisis and will be requested to observe strict neutrality.

A MATTER OF PILOTAGE.

Ferdinand—"Can you let me have a horse this afternoon? I want to ride over to Dopeville and dine with a few friends."

Liveryman—"Sure! But if you're going to dine you'd better have the mare. She can find her way home."—Judge.

Money Hysteria Disappears; Time for Readjustment

New York, Nov. 25.—Henry Clews, banker, in his financial review for the week, says: Somewhat improved conditions prevail in the financial district. Hysteria has at last disappeared and is now giving way to a sober recognition of the fact that conditions have radically changed, and that the sooner business begins to readjust itself to these new conditions the sooner will it be started on the road to real recovery. Of course the abnormal stringency in money is still the chief difficulty. Until that abates it is idle to look for any change for the better. Credit is badly disorganized and unable to take its part in the nation's transactions. Consequently there is an abnormal demand for currency just when the prevailing distrust keeps alive the tendency to hoard. Not until the premium on currency begins to disappear; not until clearing certificates begin to be withdrawn, and not until bank reserves begin to rise can any genuine improvement be looked for.

It is quite evident, now that the situation has passed beyond the possibility of relief by artificial measures, that it must be allowed to work out its own solution. Events must take their natural course. There is already a very large increase in currency supply, and we passess an enormous stock of gold, which promises to be still further increased by importations from abroad. As soon as business returns to the normal or settles down to the lower level we will surely be confronted with an excessive inflation or currency and all the unpleasant consequences which that may involve. This, however, is a contingency somewhat remote and can be best dealt with when it arrives, which may not be until the end of winter or the arrival of spring. During the interim we shall probably be fully occupied with the inevitable process of readjustment into which we have plunged with unexpected force and suddenness. Incidentally we may receive some encouragement by the efforts of congress to give us a sound and elastic currency system; for that is sorrel to be a burning and possibly the leading question in the coming session. Unfortunately the legislative outlook is confused by a multiplicity of propositions and by the absence of any unity of purpose or strong leadership; but something is almost sure to be done to correct the rigidity of our currency system, which is now so seriously aggravating the financial situation.

The panicky feeling so prominent in Wall Street two or three weeks ago has now extended in modified form into general business. Merchants are often seriously inconvenienced by the contraction in credit, buyers seek to cancel orders and values are frequently weakened in consequence. Fortunately there are few markets that are overstocked, and this prevents any such wholesale slump in commodities as occurred in securities. If any oversupply develops, it will come from lessened consumption; and as steps are already being taken to curtail production in the iron, cotton and other industries that danger is being reduced to a minimum. There is little doubt that when the monetary situation improves, the conditions of general business will be found fairly satisfactory and sound. It is of course universally recognized that costs of production are too high and must be reduced. It is also recognized that we are in for a period of business depression of greater or less extent. The heavy curtailment of pig iron production, the partial closing of mills, and the discharge of many employes, as well as the postponement of many enterprises, are all uncontrovertible evidences of reaction. But this can be endured and the necessary readjustment effected without great injury provided it comes gradually and is generally forseen. It is the unexpected troubles that do the most injury; those which are anticipated can generally be guarded against.

On the stock exchange there was continued depression owing chiefly to high rates for money and to further liquidation. Time money is exceedingly scarce, rates being from 8 to 12 per cent and even higher. Of course, the forced contraction of credit is accompanied by frequent calling or shifting of loans, and this in turn compels a steady liquidation. From the interior the demands for currency are still insistent in spite of gold imports and large additions to the circulation. About $43,000,000 of gold have thus far been received and the movement is now expected to reach $80,000,000, the bulk of which we may have to return next spring. A fortunate circumstance was the refusal of the Bank of England to raise its rate from 7 to 8 per cent, such action having been expected in order to stop the American scramble for gold. Perhaps London expects that our demands are nearly satisfied, or that we may be successful in securing a supply from Paris, or that the situation here will soon improve. At any rate we have thus far escaped an 8 per cent Bank of England rate, which would certainly act adversely upon this market.

Much of the weakness shown during the week was due to liquidation of parties who were tided over when the panic was at its height in order to save them from unnecessary sacrifices. Inevitably there must be considerable selling from such sources. The scarcity of money is also compelling the selling of securities to meet subscriptions on new issues which are due within the next six days and which must amount to considerable sums. Wall Street at present is in a fit of the blues of the deepest shade. Its chief consolation is in the fact that there is plenty of company and that losses are being taken more and more philosophically. The necessity for readjustment is now fully admitted, the chief question being how best to meet the crisis. Happily the process of recovery has already begun and easier conditions are already in sight. Meanwhile the only solution appears to be that of allowing events to take their natural course with as little artificial interference as necessary. That is certainly the best method for the elimination of weak spots as well as for the laying of safe foundations on which to base a new forward movement when the time is ripe.

On the other hand, it should not be overlooked that there is an increasing short interest in the market; that the declines have been extreme, and that good securities are selling far below their intrinsic value.

WON OFFICE AND BRIDE

Bridgeport, Conn., Nov. 23.—The winning of the mayoralty over Dennis Mulvihill, the stoker mayor, by 400 majority three weeks ago is as nothing to Henry Lee, mayor-elect of this city, compared to the winning of a bride who was his first love. Mayor-elect Lee and Mrs. Catherine Walsh Kelly started on their honeymoon tonight after a marriage ceremony performed at the rectory of St. Charles' church, by Father William Lynch.

Years ago Henry Lee and the then Miss Walsh were sweethearts over their school books. They had a quarrel. Several years later when they met again each had married. Death came to each family—Lee lost his wife and she her husband.

During the mayoralty campaign Mrs. Kelly took much interest in the fight.

The fact that they were to be wed was kept secret, and at the ceremony tonight only a few relatives were present. Mr. and Mrs. Lee have gone on an extended wedding trip south.

A FINE

DEAFNESS TREATMENT

FREE

Do you realize the terrible fate which is staring you in the face? Do you know what total Deafness means? It means a living death. Shut out from all human intercourse—the worlds of business and pleasure life becomes a fearful blank.

Will you suffer this untold misery and loneliness when you may have your full sense of hearing, quick and acute? I have rescued thousands from Deafness. I can rescue YOU, if you come before it is too late.

Because I have been so successful in curing Deafness, and because my heart aches for its victims, I am going to GIVE AWAY a Free Treatment for Deafness to every sufferer who asks for it. Surely this is a present worth having. Out of my sincere desire to relieve human suffering, and out of the consciousness of my power to cure Deafness, I gladly make you this gift. My treatment has cured thousands of people of the most distressing, wearing head-noises and restored their full, perfect hearing. Write for the treatment today, and give me the opportunity to show how YOU MAY BE CURED, RIGHT IN YOUR OWN HOME.

All I ask is that you will act Now. Don't hesitate or it may be too late to help you. My success has been great, and applicants for treatment are many, so that I can only make this offer a very short time. Remember this treatment for Deafness is given to you without any charge whatever. It is absolutely free. Send off Now, in this mail, a post card or letter request with your name and address upon it, and I will send you free treatment for Deafness.

Deafness Specialist Sproule, 43 Trade Building, Boston, Mass.

ANOTHER POSTPONEMENT

In Thaw Trial Agreed Upon by Both Sides.

New York, Nov. 25.—The second trial of Harry Kendall Thaw, set for one week from today, will again be postponed, and there is little chance that it will be called until some date well along in January. The decision to ask for a postponement has been agreed to by both sides.

It was due partly to the fact that the task of selecting a jury would be made doubly hard by the approach of the holidays and the prospect before the talesmen of spending both Christmas and News Years' day locked up under the care of court bailiffs, and also to the fact that Thaw's counsel has applied to the court for permission to inspect the secret evidence presented before the lunacy commission during the progress of the first trial.

As an added cause for delay, there is a rumor that the attorneys now representing Thaw may apply for a change of venue, declaring a fair trial for their client in New York county is impossible. Such a move, if made, would be based upon the alleged unfriendly attitude of many of the local papers and the extent to which the evidence was printed and read in this community. District Attorney Jerome will seriously oppose the granting of a change in the scene of the trial.

Great interest centers in the course of the defense at the coming trials. It is generally believed that, despite any ideas of justification which Thaw way entertain, his present lawyers will confine themselves to making out a case of legal insanity.

DEFEAT PRETENDER ARMY

Moroccan Sultan's Troops Victorious in Batlte.

Tangier, Nov. 20.—It is reported here that General Bagdani, chief of Sultan Ab-El-Aziz's army, has met and defeated the troops under the command of Mulai Rachid, commander of the forces of Mulai Hafid, sultan of the south.

GOOD "SKYSCRAPER" YEAR

New York, Nov. 25.—The year 1907 has been a banner year for skyscrapers in New York. The records of the building department show that between January 1 and October 31 there were 51 permits issued for buildings more than ten stories high. In the same period of 1906 there were 48 permits issued for such buildings.

LONDON'S FAMOUS MARKET

When a visitor comes up to the metropolis from the country, one of the first places to which his steps are turned is Covent Garden market, the famous center of London's fruit and flower trade. To a stranger the first sight of the market at its busiest period is a revelation. Innum

MRS. BRADLEY WAS MAD

Alienists Say She Was Insane on Night of Murder.

Dr. Hill Says Conditions Existing Several Years Tended to Unbalance Her Mind.

Washington, Nov. 26.—Two distinguished alienists testified today that Mrs. Annie M. Bradley was insane when she shot and killed former Senator Arthur M. Brown, of Utah. Both of these experts have national reputations and have figured prominently in many trials that have attracted widespread attention. They were Dr. Chas. G. Hill, of Baltimore, professor of nervous and mental diseases at the Baltimore medical college, and Dr. Britton D. Evans, of New York, a member of the board of directors of the New Jersey hospital for the insane. Dr. Evans was one of the experts who testified in the Thaw case in New York.

Both Dr. Hill and Dr. Evans were very positive that Mrs. Bradley was insane and could not distinguish between right and wrong.

Dr. Evans was very dramatic in his relation of the various facts which caused him to believe that Mrs. Bradley was insane. He was severe in characterizing the conduct of Senator Brown in performing operations upon the defendant, which brought admonition from the court in the form of a suggestion that Senator Brown was not on trial and could not defend himself and his name was only to be used when absolutely necessary to show his domination over the defendant.

Dr. Hill stated that he had heard the hypothetical question read yesterday, and assuming that the statements made in it are correct, he had come to the conclusion that the person named in it was insane on the night of December 8.

Question Showed Tendency.

"I do not," he said, "think that the party was capable of distinguishing between right and wrong at that time. I do not believe she was capable of controlling herself to avoid wrong."

Cross-examined by District Attorney Baker as to the reasons for coming to his conclusion, he said he was influenced in that opinion because the hypothetical question described a very decided hereditary tendency to insanity.

"These conditions," he added, "always predispose mental weakness. One is not necessarily insane because an aunt was insane; but they are more liable to be insane than another person who has not such a hereditary taint. Added to that, the conditions existing several years previous to this tended to unbalance her mind. She had many anxieties, and many disappointments. In treating the insane nothing is more liable to create mental disorder than intense emotion, especially when associated with many disappointments, as in this instance. Add to that another condition, that is the effect of her treatment on the occasions of frequent operations. During these the condition of sepsis, which means that poison in the blood existed, and that induces mental aberration, my conclusion is formed because of all of these conditions."

Was Probably Intentional.

Doctor Hill believed that Mrs. Bradley shot Senator Brown intentionally, but in her aberration she believed that she was doing right. A person in such a frame of mind will, he said, consider the wrong thing is the right thing.

He did not expect to find any connection between the nature of her insanity and that of her relatives. The hereditary taint merely predisposed her toward insanity, but there would not necessarily be any connection between the kinds of insanity. As far as he could judge, she was insane in the winter of 1906, there having been some mental disturbance in December, 1905. At her premature birth several months before her act there was no evidence of insanity, but there was great mental disturbance.

Dr. Hill was closely questioned by Mr. Baker as to his opinion of Mrs. Bradley's mind, when, just before coming to Washington she started for Ogden.

The witness declared that Mrs. Bradley was in a confused state of mind. The uncertainty of aim on her part, he said, proved this. He would not admit that the trip to Ogden in December last was but a ruse. "Insane people," he said, "carry out their purpose in the most ingenious manner."

The idea of coming to Washington, however, he said, was firmly fixed in her mind.

Insane on December 8.

Dr. Hill reiterated his statement that Mrs. Bradley on December 8 was insane, and said that she was still insane two days afterward, when, upon being interviewed, she sprang from her cot at the mention of the name of Mrs. Adams and covered her head.

When Doctor Hill concluded his testimony, Doctor Britton D. Evans, an insanity expert, testified. Dr. Evans' testimony was dramatic. He spoke with a feeling of great sympathy for Mrs. Bradley and referred contemptuously to Senator Brown for his ill-treatment of her, all of which he said preyed on her mind and unseated her.

As Judge Powers read extracts from the torn letters of Mrs. Bradley, found in the hotel, expressing love for Senator Brown, Mrs. Bradley sobbed and wept and nearly fainted. At 12:30 recess was taken until 1:15 o'clock.

Minister Subpoenaed.

Denver, Col., Nov. 26.—In compliance with a subpoena served yesterday, Rev. Dr. David Utter, pastor of Unity church of this city, left here on an afternoon train for Washington, where he will be a witness in the trial of Mrs. Bradley.

Last Saturday Dr. Utter said he had been asked by the prosecution, in a telegram, to go to Washington and give his testimony, but he would not go, as he did not think he could reach Washington in time.

BRYAN WILL RECEIVE $300

From Government for Service in Spanish-American War.

Lincoln, Neb., Nov. 26.—The officers of Col. W. J. Bryan's regiment, the Third Nebraska, have been allowed $5,228 by the national government for time between enrollment and mustering out of the government service during the Spanish-American war.

Col. Bryan enrolled in the service June 11 and was mustered into the national service July 3, 1898, and will have about $300 due him in this allowance. Governor Shelton was notified that the money would be sent soon.

ADAMS ADMITTED TO BAIL

Expected He Will Be Rearrested on Another Charge.

Rathdrum, Idaho, Nov. 26.—Steve Adams, the jury in whose trial for the murder of Fred Tyler, reported a disagreement, was yesterday admitted to bail. Bail was fixed at $20,000. Attorney for the defense announced the bond would be provided within a few days.

It is expected that as soon as Adams is released on this bond, he will be rearrested on a warrant charging him with the murder of Arthur Collins, at Telluride in 1902.

IS KILLED DEFENDING WIFE

Business Man at Kalamazoo Shot by a Burglar.

Kalamazoo, Mich., Nov. 26.—Horace S. Davis, aged 53, a prominent business man, was shot through the heart and killed by a burglar early today. Davis grappled with the intruder when the robber threatened to kill Mrs. Davis.

WHITE HOUSE DRAWING

Kittredge and Gamble Unable to Agree on Appointments.

Roosevelt Flipped Coin for First, Then Officiated as Solons Drew Lots.

Washington, Nov. 26.—The White House was the scene of a lottery drawing yesterday, in which the federal patronage of the state of South Dakota was disposed of. The President of the United States turned the wheel of fortune and Senators Kittredge and Gamble drew out the prize packages.

There was a large number of vacant offices in the state, due to the fact that the two senators have been unable to agree upon applicants, thus permitting the old officeholders to retain their positions long beyond the time to which they were appointed. The senators met in the President's office, by appointment, to agree, if possible, upon a distribution, but when they confronted the President they found themselves just as far apart as they have been in his absence.

The President saw the difficulty and proposed that they draw lots. The senators agreed, and the position of bank examiner being the place in immediate dispute, the President tossed up a coin saying that heads meant that Kittredge should win, and tails that Senator Gamble should name the man. The piece of money fell heads up and the nomination was thus awarded to Mr. Kittredge.

Both appearing satisfied with this method of disposing of the problem the President suggested that all vacancies be filled after the same manner, and accordingly the names of the various offices were written upon slips of paper.

The two senators proceeded to the drawings with the result that Senator Gamble was awarded the following offices: United States district attorney for the state, collector of internal revenue, registers at the land offices at Aberdeen and Chamberlin, and receivers at the land offices at Rapid City, Pierre, Huron and Aberdeen, and Indian agent at Lower Brule agency. In addition to the offices of bank examiner Senator Kittredge drew the following: Assayer of the mint at Deadwood, registers at Mitchell, Rapid City, Pierre and Huron; receivers at Mitchell and Chamberlin; Indian agents at Crow Creek agency, and the auditorship for the treasury department.

The result of the lottery will be that the President will be guided in designating officials to fill the vacancies, Senator Kittredge recommending for the offices which he drew, and Senator Gamble for the others. The agreement was hastily made, and each senator reserved the right to oppose to confirmation of a person nominated at the instance of the other.

TURKEY FOR ROOSEVELT.

Westerly, R. I., Nov. 26.—The Thanksgiving turkey which Horace Vose annually sends to the President of the United States was shipped by Mr. Vose to President Roosevelt yesterday.

This year's bird, however, was bred by Jeremiah Brown. It weighs 28 pounds, is of the bronze variety, and has a mixture of wild blood.

CANNON HAS BUSY DAYS

Divides Time Between Dentist and Members of Congress.

Washington, Nov. 26.—Speaker Cannon is dividing his time these days between his dentist and the members of the house who are seeking committee assignments. The afternoons are given to the members, but while he listens carefully to all of them he has not so far made any promises. The speaker is hopeful of completing his assignments before the Christmas holidays.

The 59th congress had been in session only seven days when the speaker's announcement was made, the time being the briefest ever taken by a speaker in filling the committees, except in the 43rd congress when only four days were required. In the 58th congress 12 days were required, but that congress convened early in November, leaving the speaker less time for preparation in advance of the meeting than he had in 1905 and will have this year. Speaker Henderson took only eight days to form the committees for the 57th congress.

The longest time taken in recent years for this necessary preliminary work of any congress was 131 days, which Speaker Reed allowed to elapse before naming the committees for the 55th congress, the delaying being due to the tariff fight of 1897. That congress met on March 15 and the committees were not organized until the latter part of the summer. There were several efforts on the part of Democrats and Populists to force earlier action, but the speaker held his ground and refused to make his selections until ready to do so.

In the 42nd congress Speaker Blaine consumed over nine months' time after the congress convened in selecting his committeemen and there was almost as much delay in the 40th, when the fight against President Johnson was in progress.

BROKER COMMITED SUICIDE

Rather Than Face Charges He Takes Poison.

New York, Nov. 26.—Rather than face charges of having obtained $5,000 on a forged bill of lading, Louis Straus, a mining broker, swallowed a quantity of poison at his home here last night and died a few moments later. At the time two detectives were in the house and about to place Straus under arrest. When warned of his probable arrest, several days ago, by William A. Avis, of the firm of William A. Avis & Co., custom house brokers, on whose complaint the warrant for the arrest was issued, Straus threatened to kill himself.

Avis charged the mining broker with negotiating a loan of $5,000 on a bill of lading for ore said to be worth $7,500, and supposedly shipped from the west. Avis states that not long after the loan was negotiated he discovered that the bill of lading was worthless.

CONSUMPTION OF TOBACCO

Not Increasing in Proportion to Increase in Population.

New York, Nov. 26.—That the consumption of tobacco in America is not increasing in proportion to the increase in population is one of the interesting facts brought out in the hearing of the government's suit against the American Tobacco company and others under the antitrust laws.

T. B. Yule, head of the purchasing department of the American Tobacco company, in his testimony, stated that, while the acreage in tobacco had been increased, this was due to the increased demand for American tobacco, the domestic consumption having by no means increased in proportion to the growth of the population.

SMALL SCHOONER CAPSIZES

Captain and Mate of the Vessel Are Drowned.

Milford, Del., Nov. 26.—The small schooner Grace Collins, laden with brush to be used on the government jetty at the mouth of Mispillion creek, was capsized just outside the mouth of the stream, in Delaware bay, in the storm of Sunday night, and Captain George S. Holland, of Milton, and Robert Rolland, the mate of the vessel, were swept overboard and drowned.

ATTEMPTS TO END LIFE

Chancellor of Cuban Legation Seeks Death.

Says He Has Not the Courage to Face the World—Will Recover.

Washintgon, Nov. 26.—R. M. Bomballer, acting chancellor of the Cuban legation here, was last night found in his apartments with the gas turned on. He was removed to a hospital, where his condition was said to be serious. He left two notes, one of which was addressed to the public and read: "Good-bye, everybody. I am going to leave this world because I have not the courage to endure it."

The second note was addressed to Senor Don Arturo Padro, charge d'affaires of the Cuban legation. Its contents are not known. Senor Bomballer resided at the Douglas apartments, but before taking up his residence a few days ago he occupied apartments at the home of Dr. D. F. Pyle. About a week ago Senor Bomballer is said to have incurred the displeasure of Dr. Pyle by an act of indiscretion which resulted in his being requested to quit the house.

Last evening at 8 o'clock the odor of escaping gas led to an entrance being forced into his apartment and he was found unconscious on his bed with the gas flowing from four jets. Hope is entertained for his recovery. Senor Bomballer is a Spaniard and is about 25 years of age.

FREE INSURANCE STOCK

From Injunction Secured Recently by Fish.

Harahan Sees a Confession of Weakness in Action—281,231 Shares Still Affected.

Chicago, Nov. 26.—The Mutual Life Insurance company's stock in the Illinois Central railroad was freed from the operation of the injunction recently secured by Stuyvesant Fish restraining the life insurance company from voting its stock at the annual meeting of the railroad company on motion of the latter's attorney yesterday afternoon. The insurance company owns 5,500 shares of Illinois Central railroad stock and with this released the injunction now affects 281,231 shares.

Mr. Fish and his attorneys are disposed to treat the matter lightly, claiming that the interests affected by the dismissal are comparatively insignificant and that the issue as to the other defendants will have a different outcome.

On the contrary, President Harahan, of the Illinois Central Railroad company, sees in the action a confession of weakness and predicted that the rest of the case will fall in a similar manner.

TRIAL AVOIDS THE 13TH

Murderer Asked Court to Postpone the Hoodoo Date.

Akron, O., Nov. 26.—"Don't let them set my trial for the 13th. I won't be tried on the 13th."

Pale and trembling as he realized that a hoodoo date had been set by Judge Wanamaker for his trial on a first degree murder charge, Philip Wingerter called to his attorney in court yesterday, and requested that the date be changed. It was accordingly shifted from January 13 to 27.

Wingerter pleaded not guilty to the charge of murder, and his wife, charged with murder in the second degree, pleaded similarly.

ELOPEMENT TRAGEDY.

Jealous Man Shoots Woman and Self in Cleveland.

Cleveland, Nov. 26.—Mrs. Ida Wolker, 22 years old, was shot three times today by Herbert Freund, and was probably fatally wounded. Freund, who is but 20 years old, then fired two shots at himself. He will recover. Freund was arrested.

Recently, the couple eloped from Leighton, Pa., where Mrs. Wolker deserted a husband and two children. She and Freund were living here as "Mr. and Mrs. Freund."

Jealousy on the part of Freund led to the shooting. Preceding the attempted murder and suicide, Mrs. Wolker said, she was taunting Freund about his jealous disposition.

MAD MAN KILLS AND BURNS

Insane Government Agent Finally Killed by Marshal.

Alamosa, Col., Nov. 26.—After setting fire to the Palma hotel yesterday and attempting to commit suicide, Lalille Rodriguez, a government forest reserve agent from Espanola, N. M., stabbed C. B. Anderson, of Coldwter, Mich., to death, seriously stabbed and assaulted four other men and finally attempted to kill City Marshal John Baumasher, who was trying to arrest him. The marshal then shot and killed Rodriguez. It is believed that he was insane.

ASKED HUSBAND'S RELEASE

After He Had Fractured Her Skull—Plea Denied.

New York, Nov. 26.—Suffering from a blow with a hatchet, which, the physicians say, fractured her skull, delivered, it is claimed, by her husband, Mrs. Mary Murray tottered through the streets ten blocks to the police station, behind the officer who had arrested her husband, a coal cart driver, and pleaded with the lieutenant at the station not to lock him up. When her plea was denied she collapsed and was taken to a hospital. The surgeons say that she cannot recover.

JUST GREW TIRED OF LIFE

Well-to-Do Farmer Commits Suicide at Age of 99.

Fall River, Mass., Nov. 26.—At the age of 99 years, Charles W. Chace, a well-to-do farmer, decided that life was not worth living and committed suicide. He took paris green and was dead when found. He left a note, saying that he was tired of life.

TO CAMPAIGN FOR $100,000

Presbyterian Church to Extend Mission Work in Korea.

New York, Nov. 26.—The board of foreign missions of the Presbyterian church has announced an important extension of its work in Korea, and has authorized a special campaign for the raising of almost $400,000, to be used in addition to the $100,000 regularly appropriated, in carrying forward the work in the peninsula during the coming year.

REFUSES A CONTINUANCE

New York, Nov. 26.—Justice McCall, in the supreme court yesterday, denied the application of G. Lawrence Fell, president of the United Typothetae of America, for the continuance of an ex-parte injunction restraining the International Printing Pressmen and Assistants' Union of North America, and other allied printers' unions, from refusing to carry out an agreement made last January with the Typothetae.

RAILROAD BILLS SIGNED.

Montgomery, Ala., Nov. 26.—Governor Comer yesterday signed all of the railroad regulation bills passed by the extra session of the Alabama legislature.

MILLS RESUME ACTIVITY

Fear of Complete Industrial Depression Not Realized.

Resumption of Work Controverts Stories in Connection With Recent Flurry.

New York, Nov. 25.—Recent resumption of industrial activity in the eastern states controverts to some extent the stories of general depression that have gained circulation on account of the closing down, partially or completely, of many concerns. The financial stringency throughout the country had its natural reflection in partial suspension of operations in the chief Atlantic centers, but the fear of a complete industrial depression has not been realized.

News has been received in New York of the resumption on full time of some industries in the New England states and New York, and the hope is that, with the general relaxation in the money market, this resumption will be largely increased and that the eastern manufacturing section soon will experience a return to normal conditions.

Troy reports the outlook good for a busy year in the knit goods industry in Cohoes, one of the largest centers of that work in the country. It is expected that the knitting factories in that city will be running full by January 1.

Again Work Eight Hours.

St. Johnsbury, Vermont, reports that the E. & P. Fairbanks Scale Co., employing 1,300 men, which adopted a five-hour schedule two weeks ago, yesterday resumed its work on an eight-hour basis.

Information is received from Buffalo that the Snow Steam Pump Works, has ordered its forces back on full time. The general manager of that plant, Elgood C. Lufkin, says that the whole industrial and financial situation has improved so greatly during the last week that the company has been obliged to restore the full schedule of working hours in order to keep up with its business. About 1,000 men are concerned in the resumption order.

The National Tube Works at Syracuse resumed operations yesterday, after a two weeks shut down.

President George Westinghouse denied that the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Co.'s plants at Pittsburg would be closed down, as reported, December 1.

Employment Resumed.

Johnstown, Pa., Nov. 26.—Practically all of the Cambria workmen suspended two weeks ago, partly by reason of needed repairs and partly on account of a shortage of orders, have resumed their employment. The only exceptions are among the floating labor gangs, whose work for the winter, especially in the railroad department, has practically been completed.

HE OUTWALKS HORSES

Animals Stumble in Road, but Weston Keeps On.

Changes Plan and Will Not Arrive at Chicago Postoffice Until Wednesday a. m.

Chicago, Nov. 26.—Edward Payson Weston started on the last stage of his record-breaking journey from Portland, Me., at 11 o'clock this forenoon.

At that hour he set out from Chesterton, Ind., where he had passed the morning hours in resting, and, according to his present plans, which differ somewhat from those based on his accomplishment of yesterday, when he crossed practically the whole state of Indiana in a little over twenty hours, he will arrive at the Chicago Beach hotel, seven miles south of the center of the city, at midnight. There he will rest again, completing the walk to the Chicago postoffice, where the trip is to end, before noon tomorrow.

The last miles of the journey, which brought Weston to Chesterfield, were made at a pace which proved the veteran superior in endurance to horses. A team which accompanied Weston from South Bend, where he arrived shortly before noon yesterday, gave out after it had followed the walker for 50 miles.

The animals stumbled in the road, and they could not be induced to proceed further until they had been fed and allowed to rest in a nearby livery stable.

Men in an automobile who accompanied Weston fared nearly as badly as the horses. They, too, were exhausted as the result of exposure to the cold, while Weston, seeming to feel but little the great strain of the effort he was making, strode along at an easy gait, conversing at times with newspaper representatives and others who walked beside him.

PHILIPPINE INDEPENDENCE

Urged by Three Congressmen at Boston Meeting.

Slayden, of Texas, Says It Would Be a Guaranty Against Possible War.

Boston, Mass., Nov. 26.—A mass meeting of citizens interested in the Philippine question was held in Faneuil Hall last night. Congressmen from three states spoke in support of ultimate independence for the Philippine Islands, accompanied by neutralization of the territory.

Albert Pillsbury, former attorney general of Massachusetts, presided at the meeting, and many prominent citizens sat upon the platform.

Congressman James L. Slayden, of Texas, followed Mr. Pillsbury, and made a plea for immediate independence of the Philippines as a guaranty against possible war with Japan and China and to diminish the immense expense of the islands to the government.

Congressman James H. Blount, of Georgia, who served as a judge in the Philippines, was the next speaker.

The closing address of the evening was given by Congressman Samuel W. McCall, of Massachusetts.

INDICT THREE BANKERS

Result of Investigation of Two Brooklyn Institutions.

President of Trust Company Is First One Arrested—Faces Charge of Forgery.

New York, Nov. 26.—The King's county grand jury, which has been investigating the affairs of the Borough bank and the Jenkins Trust company, of Brooklyn, finished its work today and returned indictments against three men.

John G. Jenkins, Jr., president of the Jenkins Trust company, which closed its doors a few weeks ago, was the first to be arrested. Detectives took him before Judge Fawcet, and he was charged with forgery in the third degree in making false entries in the loan books of the trust company. He pleaded not guilty and was held in $10,000 bail.

SERIOUS RIOT IN STRIKE

Many Persons Shot and One Will Die at Louisville.

Police Have Hand-to-Hand Battle With a Mob Surrounded in an Alley.

Louisville, Ky., Nov. 26.—The most serious riot thus far of the street car strike occurred last night, and as a result two men are known to have been shot, two policemen were injured by stones and clubs and two more men and a woman are reported to have been shot. A number of heads were cracked by the police. The condition of the last named three cannot be ascertained, as the street car on which they were traveling was hurried to the car barns and the identity of the alleged victims kept secret by the company officials.

The trouble occurred on the Fourth Avenue line near Kentucky street, a fashionable residence neighborhood. A south bound car was suddenly attacked by 600 or 700 strike sympathizers. A hail of stones, pistol shots and clubs was poured into the car, the conductor and a policeman aboard returning the fire with what effect is not known. The motorman hurried the car out of range, although himself and a man and woman passenger are declared to have been struck by bullets.

Twenty police arrived on the scene a few minutes later in automobiles and surrounded about a hundred of the mob in an alley nearby. The mob broke through the cordon, fighting fiercely and although many heads were cracked, all got away save F. M. All, a discharged street car employe, who was shot through the abdomen, and four men who were arrested.

Sergeant Con Wickham and Policeman Robert Brown were severely injured by boulders and clubs. M. Ford, a youth passing on a bicycle, was shot in the foot. Of the identified injured all save M. F. All will recover.

TWELVE HUNDRED SLAIN

Bloody Battle Between French and Moorish Tribesmen.

Arabs Not Discouraged by Severe Repulse—French Loss Eight Killed.

Lalla Maghnia, Algerit, Nov. 26.—Ten thousand of the fiercest Benis Nassen tribesmen swooped down on the French camp Sunday, and were beaten off with a loss of 1,200 killed. The fighting continued for a long time and was conducted on the part of the tribesmen apparently with total disregard for their lives.

At one time the French infantry were in danger of being surrounded, but they finally disengaged themselves from their perilous position by a most brilliant charge of the Spahis. The rout of the Arabs was completed by vigorous shelling by the artillery. The French loss was eight killed.

The Arabs were not discouraged by this severe repulse, but re-formed their forces, and in addition directed their efforts to rousing other tribes.

The fighting was resumed yesterday, and the booming of cannon was heard throughout the afternoon.

EXERCISE BY PRESCRIPTION

Physicians are beginning to write an entirely new kind of prescription which cannot be filled at the ordinary drug store, and as a result an entirely new kind of pharmacy has come into existence It is a place where the doctor's prescription for a mixture of this and that form of physical exercise in just the proper proportion may be filled.

For the modern prescription for exercise is entirely different from the old advice, "You need exercise, take it," which was given to the patient. Today in advising exercise the medical man is getting to be as definite as he is in prescribing drugs.

In many cases the physicians have themselves studied physical training, and when they get through with an examination they prescribe specific exercises and combinations of exercises which will strengthen this or that set of muscles and so help the patient's lungs or heart or relieve certain forms of stomach trouble or other organic weakness.

Often one set of exercises will help the patient while another might be hurtful for him. A certain number of hours of activity might be good, but a longer time bad. Consequently the physician writes out a prescription and then sends the man to the new kind of laboratory, the physical training drug store, so to speak, to get it filled. Such a prescription might well read as follows:

R

Free movements, light drill..... ¼ hr.
Light chest weights for back, leg and waist muscles, breathing exercise ..... ¼ hr.
Recreative games ..... ¼ hr.
Aqua in shower, graded temp. 75 F. to 60 F..... 3 min.
Rub down..... 5 min.
Met. Sig. Take each afternoon and rest ½ hour before dinner.

DR. UP-TO-DATE.

The patient then is advised to take this prescription, or the letter which encloses it, to a gymnasium, preferably one in charge of a medical man. Possibly the prescribing physician will write privately to the gymnasium director that the man's heart is weak and to see that he does not depart from the mild dose of exercise indicated.

The gymnasium man then takes hold of the patient and sees that he gets just the sort of work he needs to build him up and to give him physical tone. From time to time the physical pharmacist tests the effect of the daily medicine and if indications are wrong consults with the physician as to changes in the treatment.

TALES OF BENCH AND BAR

In the death of Lord Brampton, Sir Henry Hawkins, England has lost a picturesque figure who for years gave variety and spice to the dull routine of the courts. Some of his lordship's ways were unbecoming. When Lord Brampton wished to get a case finished no one could more quickly grasp the intricacies of a case. When, however, he meant a case to last, then he was the high priest of innocence. There was not a game or trick at cards with which he was not familiar, yet when the counsel mentioned the ace of spades, "Ace of spades? What is an ace of spades?" cooed his lordship. "It—er—it,s one of a pack of cards, of—er—playing cards, m'luck," gasped counsel, taken aback. "Really, then I must ask you to put it in," said Hawkins. A solicitor's clerk was sent flying to a stationer's to get a pack of cards. Upon his return the ace was extracted and counsel handed it up. "M'lud, this piece of card is one of fifty-two such cards, which are called playing cards," said counsel. "The card which I now venture to ask your lordship to examine is called the ace of spades." Hawkins took the card, examined it curiously, marked it, placed it with his notes. "Thank you; proceed, please," he said. With legal expenses averaging $5 a minute this little by-play would cost a $50 bill.

Very different from Lord Brampton was Chief Justice Erle. The latter, trying a cause at Northampton, had to his sorrow to direct a jury against some poor people who had been scandalously but legally swindled. The result meant their being absolutely beggared. On the following morning an elderly gentleman on horseback made his appearance in the alley where the people resided. It was the judge. He had come to give them good advice and with it a sum of money that replaced them in their old position. It was more timely aid than that extended by another judge who had wrongly directed a jury. Hawkins left in his will a sum of money to liquidate the costs of the man whom he had thus caused to lose his case.

In the famous St. Leonards will case Hawkins paid the most elaborate compliment of which he was ever guilty. Sam Warren, author of the novel "Ten Thousand a Year," with whom vanity was a passion, had to give evidence. When Warren entered the box Hawkins, with his politest bow, said to the author: "Mr. Warren, I owe you an apology for bringing you into the probate court. I am sure no one will ever dream of disputing your will, because you have left everybody 'Ten Thousand a Year.'" The enraptured author bowed first to Hawkins, next to the bench, receiving the judge's bow in return; then to the jury, then to the bar and finally to the gallery.

THE FRENCH WOMAN.

The charm of the French woman has been proverbial for many centuries, but it has rarely been recognized by a foreigner without being coupled with an ungallant insinuation that she is as frivolous as she is charming.

As a matter of fact, says a writer in the Independent, she is as capable as she is charming, and, all things considered, the most practical woman in the world.

She was a business woman ages before it became the fashion to talk about the enlargement of woman's sphere. For generations she has engaged in trading of every sort, either in real partnership with her husband or independently.

The capacity of the woman cultivators and dairywomen, also, from one end of France to the other, is the best possible illustration of the difference between true intelligence and the smattering of book knowledge.

The mother of President Loubet, who managed the home farm at Marsanne up to the time of her death, at 90 or thereabouts, may have been able to read and write, but if she was able she was an exception to the run of French women farmers, of which she was in most other respects the perfect type.

The French woman almost invariably brings something (in household goods, if not in money) to the common stock at marriage, and she can be counted on doing her share toward adding to this common stock after marriage. In all classes she is pretty sure to insist on running the family finances, and she justifies her insistence by her ability to run them as they should be run.

The peasant dares not return home from market with much less than the price of his produce in his pigskin pouch. The workingman does well if he can hold onto a two-franc piece for tobacco and other personal luxuries when he turns in his pay to his wife on Saturday night.

The middle-class husband is allowed by his wife for his private expenses whatever sum she considers proper for a man in his station. Among the noble and the wealthy, likewise, monsieur is very apt to be put upon an allowance by madame.

Even if the Frenchman would consent to such a thing (which he certainly would not) the French woman would not think of leaving him to his own devices for six months or a year while she went gadding up and down the earth. She would be afraid that she would never be able to restore the family exchequer to its normal state.

It is not surprising that under these conditions the Franchman's card-playing rarely strays beyond anything more desperate than a sober manille for petty stakes and that the playing of the races is not highly dangerous as a rule. Even his stock gambling operations are likely to be relatively innocuous, because he devotes to them only as much of the family surplus as madame permits.

A QUEEN'S HOBBIES.

Queens are invariably exempt from the mystery that veils the age of women, and they can never abate a day from the cold, calculation of the calendar. Wilhelmina, queen of the low countries, was 27 the other day, and has reigned for nearly 17 years, the first eight of which were under the guidance of her mother, a Princess of Waldeck Pyrmont, and sister of the Duchess of Albany. For six and a half years the queen of Holland has been wife to Henry, duke of Mecklenburg, "Prince des Pays Bas," as he was formally styled on the occasion of his marriage. Queen "Wilhelmientje," as she is known to her subjects, has many hobbies; her dairy at Het Loo is one of them. Her majesty is a practical dairymaid, who can milk a cow, churn the butter and make it into the deftest pats. The dairy began by being a hobby, but so successful did it become that it is now run as a paying business. The queen is very fond of music, and has organized a series of "slum concerts" to brighten the lives of her poorer subjects. During the winter in The Hague these concerts, which are given to large halls by excellent singers and instrumentalists, engaged at the royal expense, are open to the inhabitants of the poorer quarters only. Queen Wilhelmina is also an expert needlewoman and is interested in the Industrial School at Amsterdam, where some wonderful needlework is done, which is eagerly bought by the best people, as being exceptionally well made.—Dundee Advertiser.

DID NOT WANT TO BUY.

A great tenor had been singing for some hours into a phonograph.

"The phonograph," he said, "is a wonderful thing. It almost realizes the wish of the British poet, who wish that we might see ourselves as others see us. We can now, at least, hear ourselves, a thing impossible before. The phonograph teaches us many valuable lessons. When I was in the army, before I realized the capabilities of my voice, I played the flute. A phonograph salesman brought a phonograph to my quarters and tried to sell it to me on the installment plan. I was undecided. Finally the man took out a black cylinder.

"'See,' he said, rather reluctantly, 'here is a blank cylinder. You may make a record on it, then we will run it off and you shall hear yourself. It's a costly favor I am doing you, but it will show you what a fine instrument this is.'

"I was delighted.

"'I'll get my flute,' I said. 'I'll play a flute solo.'

"Well, I played my best into the machine. It seemed to me that I had never combined before such feeling with such accuracy. I was more than pleased with myself. Then the man put in the cylinder, and the music began to issue forth. I frowned.

"'Is that me?' I said.

"'Yes sir,' said the man.

"'Really me, just as I played?'

"'Precisely, sir, precisely. And now,' said he, 'do you want to buy the phonograph.'

"'No,' said I; 'I want to sell the flute.'"

POWDERED MILK.

Improved processes for reducing milk to the form of a powder or compressing it into tablets have led to an increasing use of milk in these forms. Powdered or compressed milk is not only employed for provisioning ships and for transportation to distant places, but for the use of bakers and confectioners. In France a new process for powdering milk has recently been invented. The milk is forced, under a pressure of 250 atmospheres, through a tube one-tenth of a millimetre in diameter, into a closed chamber, heated to 167 degrees Fahrenheit by a current of warm air. The rapid expansion of the milk on entering the chamber turns it into a cloud of vapor, the water is carried off by the current of air and the solid parts of the milk fall in powder on the bottom.—Youth's Companion.

WORDS NOT HEEDED.

Dr. John Hall was a famous physician in Washington, and he had presidents for his patients, and the families of presidents, for almost 50 years. He always attended the funerals of those who succumbed to his treatment. Captain Blank, one of the most prominent and notorious of the sporting fraternity, died suddenly one afternoon, about an hour after the physician had visited him and given him medicine.

Six stout, rotund, sporting men, with fiery red faces, acted as pallbearers. Dr. Hall walked in front of them, as they emerged from the residence of the deceased. An intimate friend asked Dr. Hall what caused the death of Captain Blank, and he replied:

"Look at the faces of his pallbearers."

THE MARKETS.

Weekly Trade Report.

New York, Nov. 23.—Bradstreet's today says:

While a number of cities report that the tone of affairs has taken a turn for the better, actual business, taking the country as a whole, shows an increased degree of quiet both at wholesale and retail, a working out of the continued scarcity of currency at some points, of lessening activity in industry and of the continuance of the unseasonably mild weather with its natural effect upon distribution of winter goods. There is evident in wholesale trade circles an indisposition to do business for future periods and the large number of the cancellations resulting from the past unsettlement are a subject of widespread dissension. In some lines, notably steel and iron and cotton goods, traders generally have set their faces against encouraging this movement and a hopeful sign is that some buyers who were stampeded early have since considered their action and asked that goods be shipped. Retail trade feels the effect of the smaller movement of cereals from the farms and although producers are reported more familiar with checks tendered in payment, lower prices now offered are a drawback to sales.

The sharper and quicker the slowing down proces s occurs the sooner the situation will right itself when confidence is fully restored. The lumber industry is quieter, and southern lumbering and manufacturing operations are reported less active. Collections are rather slower and some attention has been excited by the requests made from some states that all creditors be lenient in order that the interests of all be protected.

Business failures for the week ending November 21, number 263, against 259 last week, 212 in the like week of 1906, 224 in 1905, 193 in 1904 and 167 in 1903.

Canadian failures for the week number 35 as against 45 last week and 27 in this week a year ago.

Wheat, including flour, exports from the United States and Canada for the week ending November 21 (Portland, Oregon, not received) aggregate 5,103,143 bushels, against 6,192 934 last week, 4,025,073 this week last year and 5,518,930 in 1901. For the first 21 weeks of the fiscal year the exports are 85,023,495 bushels, against 74,589,776 in 1906-07, and 121,963,795 in 1903-02. Corn exports for the week are 560,629 bushels, against 1,133,488 last week and 594,861 in 1906. For the fiscal year to date the exports are 19,706,891 bushels, against 17,312,296 in 1906-07.

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., Nov. 26.—With Europe needing a great deal of wheat by the middle of next summer and Argentina unable to supply more than 100,000,000 bu., the export situation still shows strength. Wheat was buoyed up this morning on the foreign demand, indicated chiefly by an advance at Liverpool, which opened from 1 1-20c to 1½c higher. It is said Europe will need 300,000,000 bu. of wheat before August 1. The opening was rather tame and the trade light. Logan bought considerable December wheat after the opening. Gains were made by all the options during the first hour. Cash was unchanged at 96¾c. December gained the ½c lost at the opening by advancing to 95¾c before the middle of the forenoon. May was ⅝c higher at 103⅝c. At 10 a. m. the option went up to 104⅜c. July opened ⅜c higher at 99½c, advancing to 99¼c soon after. The Bartlett house was a heavy buyer.

Continued strength and rising prices were due to the export trade, firmness of cash in the important markets and bullish feeling in the northwest. Liverpool closed 1½c to 1 1-5c higher. The Australian crop is estimated at 15,760,000 bushels, again 17,100,000 bushels last year and 20,000,000 in 1905. The closes follow: Cash, 98c; December, 98c; May, 105c; July, 100c. The closes in the grains were fractionally at the high points of the day.

Corn acted top heavy, with the crowd apparently long. Liverpool was from 3-10c to 3-5c higher. Unchanged at 53c, December gained a half cent before 10 o'clock in the morning. May at 55½c was ½c higher. There was no change in July at 55½c.

The advance in corn was due to buying by the crowd, Shipping demand improved. Liverpool closed 3-5c to ¾c up. The local finals were: Cash, 55½c; December, 55c; May, 56⅝c; July, 56½c.

The Bartlett people bought oats, while Updike sold. December opened ¼c higher at 47¾c and then advanced to 48c. May was up ⅜c at 50⅝c. Unchanged at 46c, July soon gained ½c.

The cash situation improved. Cash closed at 48½c, December at 48½c, May at 50½c, and July at 46¼c.

There was but little change in clover seed. Cash was quoted at $9.20, December at $9.25 and May at $9.50.

Clover seed went up with the grains, cash closing 10c higher at $9.30; December, 10c up at $9.35, and March 10c higher at $9.60.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close—Nov. 26.	Close—Nov. 25
Wheat—					
Cash	97¾	....	96	98	95¾
Dec.	95¾	....	....	98	95¾
May	1.03⅞	1.05½	....	1.05	1.03⅛
July	99¼	....	....	1.00	98¾
Corn—					
Cash (new)	....	....	....	55	53
Cash (old)	....	....	....	....	61
Dec.	53	....	....	55	53
May	55½	56½	....	56¾	53¾
July	55½	....	....	56½	55½
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	48¼	47¼
Dec	47¾	....	....	48½	47½
May	50⅜	....	....	50½	49½
July	46	....	....	46¼	46
Clover Seed—					
Cash	9.20	....	....	9.30	9.20
Dec	9.25	....	....	9.35